

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## SWEEPING THE SKIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOTHER TABBYSKINS."

BLUE are the beautiful skies!

Bright each particular star!

Children, who see with such innocent eyes,

Ask what the pretty things are.

One little Darling is told,

If she can give them a tap,

Plates of sky-china, embossed with star-gold,

Softly will slide to her lap.

All in a flutter at this,

Eager such treasures to win,

Light little laughers, inviting a kiss,

Dimple her delicate chin.

Darling has gathered a rose

(Scarce can her hand get so high),

Stands on the tips of her little fat toes,

Thinks she can reach to the sky;

Seizes on grandpapa's stick

(Of she bestrode it in play),

Jumps on a garden-chair, holds it up quick,

Lest they should snatch her away.

Darling is dumb with despair:

What can a little child do?

With the bad stick she can beat the bad chair,

Break the bad rose-bud in two.

Up to the attic she crept,

Mounted the laddery stair,

Out on the roof in rapture she stept,

Brandished a broom in the air!

\* \* \* \* \*

Searching through house and through wood,

Calling, and calling again,

"Darling! O naughty! O Darling! be good!"

Searching and calling in vain.

One, from the other aloof

Standing, bewildered in gloom,

Sees little Darling step out on the roof,

Sweeping the skies with Ann's broom;

Dares not to speak or to move,

Fears lest a breath should betray;

Wonderful silence of wonderful love,

Keeping his anguish at bay.

Sweet little figure in white

Perched on the roof all alone,

Sweeping the skies with a scream of delight,

Begging a star for her own.

Softly he enters the house,

Softly ascendeth the stair,

Steals up the ladder as still as a mouse:

Oh, is it hope or despair?

Through the trap-window he peeps,

Peeps at the dear little maid;

Through the trap-window a sturdy arm creeps,

Creeps like a creature afraid.

Darling is sweeping the skies,

Eager for platters of blue;

Gazing aloft with her heart in her eyes,

Swaying and tottering too.

On, under steady command,

On creeps that desperate arm,

Clutches a fat little leg in its hand,

Snatches its Darling from harm.

What though a dusty old broom

Brushes his face and his eyes?

What though his Darling, in resolute gloom,

Sweeps *him* instead of the skies?

Gratitude — rapture — delight —

Prayer from a satisfied heart;

Tears he would hide from her wondering sight,

But which she sees as they start.

Out came her lips for a kiss,

Thinking he cries from the pain;

Sweet eager promises bind her to this,—

Never to sweep *him* again.

Kissing his face in distress,

Feeling she merits reproof;

Utterly hopeless to make her confess

Girls should not climb on the roof;

What can they do in this strait?

How keep her down from the skies?

Lock the trap-windows, and patiently wait

Till the wee Darling grows wise.

Good Words for the Young.

## A SEA-SIDE SKETCH.

The sun sinks down a round red disc;

And seen against it, tapering thin

(Relieved of all the cares of risk),

The fishing-smacks come riding in.

Slow sinks the orb beyond the bay,

Or, so, at least, it seems to sink —

A thirsty charger, shall I say?

Slow stooping in the sea to drink.

And beating shoreward, sea-grey gulls

Come sailing up the Sound in flocks,

Then clean their wings, and seek their holes,

Aloft amid the rifted rocks.

The soft winds play round poop and prow,

Too weak to climb the rocky cliff,

Within whose deepening shadow now

Lie bulky barge and tiny skiff.

And over all the scene anon

A denser darkness draws around;

The village lights shew one by one,

And night comes hushing every sound.

Chambers' Journal.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN  
OF GEORGE II.

## NO. XII.—THE PAINTER.

THERE are few more curious effects in history than that which is produced by the transference of the work and influence properly belonging to one man into the hands of another. The very fact that such a transfer is possible, indicates a certain confusion and tumult in the elements of life. Now and then there has come a moment when some simple citizen, without training for government, has been driven by failure of legitimate rulers and stress of necessity and genius to the head of affairs; and such a wonderful reversal of ordinary law has been the last evidence—at once result and cause—of those convulsions which transform a world. The emergency which converts a calm civilian into a great general may be less momentous, but its character is the same; it marks the moment when public danger is so great that whosoever can must snatch at the reins and hold them, standing upon no punctilio. To instance such prodigies as Cromwell or Buonaparte, or even Clive, in illustration of the singular office of the Painter Moralist, would be, no doubt, magniloquent and overstrained; and yet there is something in the one phenomenon which recalls the other. William Hogarth was born in an age which wanted moral teaching above all other needs. The century was ill at ease, as most centuries are. No doubt it would have been the better for rulers of firmer grasp and generals of higher skill and courage; but yet political conflict was not its most marked peculiarity, which is a bold statement to make, considering all the political struggles of the time. What ailed it most, however, was Vice, a perennial human disease which now and then comes, like all other diseases, to a climax, at which something must be done to kill or cure. Wickedness had got to be rampant in those days; the very thoughts of the virtuous were tinged in spite of themselves by the phraseology and images of pollution. Innocence itself spoke words and was cognizant of facts which even the unabashed hide under decent veils nowadays. To stay this tide of corruption, violent and strange and unnatural means had to be resorted to. The humdrum domestic goodness of the time had neither elevation nor impulse of its own to move the crowd. It might be the salt of the world preserving, but it was not the leaven transforming, that mass of evil. There were teachers enough to in-

struct the race in the legitimate way, but that calm method was not enough for the emergency. And even Wesley, great apostle and reformer of the age, the messenger of the Unseen to a nation which had almost forgotten it possessed a soul, did not answer all the exigencies of the moment. There is at all times a solid block of humanity which resists all spiritual agency, and is only to be worked upon by matter-of-fact arguments, and reasoning which is carnal and of the earth. When the heavenly message was proclaimed to its full, there was still room for another message, less elevated, less noble, but yet efficacious in its way. Had a statesman delivered it in power, or a philosopher out of the depths of his study and cogitation, there would have been a natural fitness in the office. Or had it fallen into the hands of a great writer, there would have been no wonder, but only an instantaneous sense of suitability. But what had Art to do with so grave a public necessity? Of all regions from which help could come this was the most hopeless. In every other occupation demanding genius the English mind has showed itself competent to compete with all comers. Poetry, philosophy, the eloquence of the orator and of the author, have reached in this island heights as splendid as have been possible to any race or language; but in England Art has never been heroic. At the period we refer to, it scarcely existed save as an exotic; but, even down to our own days, how much have false sentiment, mock grandeur, bathos in every shape, prevailed in its hands over all higher motives! Those familiarities of art which now delight the British public had not then come into being: where we have the domestic our grandfathers had the mythological; and notwithstanding that Sir Joshua Reynolds was already born, and that a really national school of painting was about to come into being, by which we have profited for a hundred years, we have never got much further—to our sorrow be it said. A certain nobility and sweetness in the art of portrait-painting, most conspicuous in him, its first professor—a certain sympathy for nature in the form of landscape, and now and then by rare intervals, an elevating step out of the namby-pamby of domestic sentimentalism into the universally true of human emotion, have been possible to English art; but thoughts that breathe and lines that burn have never been given to it. And amid the Thornhills and Kents and Highmores of its first beginning, how was it to be expected that a man should rise with a message in him to the

world, then rolling so fast on its downward way?

But this unlikely thing was what really happened. A prophet after his fashion, with a commission to deliver — urgent, violent, discourteous, sometimes terrible — rose all at once from among the painters of ceilings and manufacturers of goddesses. That vice was hideous, abominable, impossible — abominable and hideous, by the way, but of all things impossible — not to be — the great embodied curse and scourge and destroyer — was the burden of this prophetic deliverance, as indeed it has been the burden of most prophets from the earliest record. It is as difficult to answer the question why Hogarth should have been selected to say this, as it is to determine why the first Napoleon, and not another, had the work of the conqueror thrust into his hands. Hogarth's mission was not spiritual; rather it is in its awful prose, in its dread matter of fact and historical precision, that its power rests. Heaven had little enough to do with the matter. The prophet in this instance was a man of earth, with no special celestial meaning in him; quick-sighted, shrewd, and practical; not so much shocked by the evil round him as practically convinced of the necessity of putting a stop to it in the interests of the world. The nauseous details on which he dwells without reluctance — almost, indeed, with a kind of pleasure — show that it was no ideal of purity which moved him. He was used to life's most crowded ways, and was not squeamish about what he met there. He was so calm and impartial, and free of any fantastic delicacy, that now and then the grim fun of a situation struck him, and moved him to momentary laughter. But his sense above and through all was, that this could not be. It must not be. Nature and life and every law of earth pronounced against it. That vice is progressive, like every other agency which acts on human nature; that it goes from worse to worse with an infallible certainty; that suffering accompanies it as an equally infallible consequence; that it carries with it misery, squalor, sickness, death, and destruction; that the end is involved in the beginning as in a mathematical diagram, and that none escape, — this is what Hogarth had to teach to his world. To say that his world often misunderstood him, and took his tragedy for farce, and his awful warning for an amusing fable, is no lessening of his work. Neither is it anything against the reality of his commission that he was moved by hosts of secondary motives, bulking in his own eyes more largely perhaps than the

grander inspiration which he obeyed without quite knowing that he did so. So Ezekiel, did one but know it, might have had private and personal reasons known to his contemporaries, and certain special personages in his mind's eye, when he fulminated forth his passionate charges against his nation and his age. The painter, we may say, saw a new opening for his powers, which were not trained to the height of the nymphs and goddesses: and the vulgar admiration of the public was caught by an ideal wretch whom it identified with one of the well-known Molls or Kates of the time. The meaner truth is not inconsistent with the greater. By a process curiously possible to our complicated human faculties, it was Moll or Kate whom Hogarth painted; and yet at the same time it was Vice treading the miserable tragic way to destruction. The public grinned, lewd, sympathetic, admiring; and yet, in the very midst of its brutal amusement, caught the arrow in its heart.

The man to whom this curious office belonged — the only prophet-painter ever produced, so far as we are aware, either in England or elsewhere — was not a man whose character would have made such an office probable. Hogarth was born in London, in November 1697, of an honest, obscure family. His father appears to have had some pretensions to literature. "My father's pen," he says, "like that of many other authors, did not enable him to do more than to put me in the way of shifting for myself." But this claim seems to have had but slender foundation, as the elder Hogarth is described as a corrector of the press and schoolmaster. The painter describes himself as showing an early inclination towards the art in which he was afterwards so famous. "An early access to a neighbouring painter drew my attention," he says, "from play; and I was at every possible opportunity employed in making drawings. . . . My exercises when at school were more remarkable for the ornaments that adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me, but for the latter I was particularly distinguished." This curious little indication of youthful self-opinion and shrewd insight into the possibilities of the future, though perhaps somewhat grandly expressed, is clear enough as to the homely beginning of the ladder by which he ascended. The painter referred to was, no doubt, a house-painter; and it must have been the scrolls and ingenious borders, the festooned ribbons and groups of

lutes and viols and music-books, which captivated the boy's imagination. "I soon learned to draw the alphabet with great correctness," he adds, evidently with a reminiscence of sign-posts. These studies very naturally led to a similar but more refined trade. Hogarth was apprenticed to a silver-plate engraver, and spent the rest of his young life in designing coats-of-arms and other ornamentation for the silver tankards and heavy table-furniture of the age. Natural as this transition would seem to have been, our artist, with a curious little attempt at the elevation of his surroundings, represents himself as having chosen so homely a career, because "I had before my eyes the precarious situation of men of classical education. . . . It was therefore very comfortable to my own wishes," he adds, "that I was taken from school and served a long apprenticeship."

But the engraving of silver plate did not long satisfy the ambitious boy. He "found it in every respect too limited;" and at twenty his "utmost ambition" was to engrave on copper. English art was at this period in its dawn; and for the first time an English painter had taken brush in hand to emulate and continue the achievements of Verrio and La Guerre. As it happened, it was Sir James Thornhill, the future father-in-law of Hogarth, who thus made himself visible upon the walls and roofs, in nymphs as well developed and as heaven as blue as that which had made the foreigner magnificent; and no doubt a new impulse was given to all English lads with a taste for the pencil by this first leap into eminence of "native talent." "The paintings of St. Paul's Cathedral and Greenwich Hospital, which were at that time going on, ran in my head," says Hogarth. In St. Paul's it was not nymphs but apostles which were the subjects; and in accordance with the change of sentiment, the brilliant azure which suited mythology sank into a truly national drab; but the pictures, sacred and profane, were of about the same calibre. They were paid for by a munificent British nation at the cost of forty shillings a square yard. But all the same, they stimulated young Hogarth as he sat engraving heraldic monsters upon silver, and pondering what he should do to make himself famous. Even at this moment of exuberant hope it does not seem to have occurred to him that he too might paint nymphs. Very sensible, and at the same time very daring and original, were the cogitations which passed through the young man's mind as he laboured at his griffins. From the beginning the stamp of the practical was on all his

imaginings; no dreams of study, such as would seem to come naturally to a young artist, moved his sober mind. He worked and he pondered, rejecting everything that was impossible, confining himself within the bounds of probability with the most curious sobriety and reasonableness. Perhaps only the exercise of an actual handicraft round which all his ponderings were strung could have kept the balance so straight between the imaginative and the practical; but no doubt the mental constitution of the young thinker is the first thing to be taken into consideration. Even in the heat of his musings he never forgets that he himself is no self-denying enthusiast, but "one who loved his pleasure;" and makes his plans accordingly, laying out for himself no sketch of impossible devotion to art or pursuit of abstract excellence, but such a sober compromise between ambition and possibility as the reasonable lad could feel was within his powers of execution. A shrewd practical mind working under such condition, with fire enough to carry it on to its aim, and yet not enthusiasm enough to blind it to its inevitable deficiencies, is the natural inventor of new methods of study and short cuts to learning. Hogarth, over his work, feeling himself capable of better things, eager for fame and success and all their practical accompaniments, and wisely reflecting "that the time necessary to learn in the usual mode would leave no room to spare for the common enjoyments of life" — a sacrifice which he does not feel inclined to make — finds nothing left for it but to consider "whether a shorter road than that usually travelled was not to be found." The progress of his thoughts on this point he records as follow: —

"The early part of my life had been employed in a business rather detrimental than advantageous to those branches of the art which I wished to pursue and have since professed. I had learned by practice to copy with tolerable exactness in the usual way; but it occurred to me that there were many disadvantages attending this method of study — as having faulty originals, &c.; and even when the pictures or prints to be imitated were from the best masters, it was little more than pouring water out of one vessel into another. Drawing in an academy, though it should be after the life, will not make a student an artist; for as the eye is often taken from the original to draw a bit at a time, it is possible he may know no more of what he has been copying, when his work is finished, than he did before it was begun. . . . A dull transcriber who in copying Milton's 'Paradise Lost' hath not omitted a line, has also as much right to be compared to Milton as an exact copier of a fine picture by Rubens hath to be com-

pared to Rubens. . . . What is written may be line for line the same with the original; but it is not probable that this will often be the case with the copied figure—frequently far from it. Yet the performer will be much more likely to retain a recollection of his own imperfect work than of the original from which he took it. More reasons not necessary to enumerate struck me as strong objections to this practice, and led me to wish that I could find the shorter path—fix forms and characters in my mind, and instead of copying the lines, try to read the language, and if possible find the grammar of the art, by bringing into one focus the various observations I had made, and then trying by my power on the canvas how far my plan enabled me to combine and apply them to practice. For this purpose I considered what various ways and to what different purposes the memory might be applied, and fell upon one which I found most suitable to my situation and idle disposition—laying it down first as an axiom that he who could by any means acquire and retain in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw, would have as clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet and their infinite combinations (each of these being composed of lines), and would consequently be an accurate designer. This I thought my only chance for eminence. . . . I therefore endeavoured to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory, and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed, I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors—viz., the early habit I had thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate. . . . My pleasures and my studies thus going hand in hand, the most striking objects that presented themselves, either comic or tragic, made the strongest impression on my mind. . . . Instead of burdening the memory with musty rules or tiring the eyes with copying dry and damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from nature the shortest and safest way of attaining knowledge in my art."

The kind of study of nature which Hogarth thus adopted was not, however, the study promoted or recommended by the schools of art. "Sometimes, but too seldom, I took the life," he says, "for correcting the parts I had not perfectly enough remembered." "The life" as represented by an academic model was almost as little in his way as copying "dry or damaged pictures." It was nature as it abounded in the streets, in the alehouses, wherever the jovial, obstinate, self-opinionated young fellow passed, that he pursued, his pleasures and studies going hand in hand. So

early as during his apprenticeship it is recorded of him how, walking on a hot Sunday to Highgate with some companions—brother 'prentices, most likely, out of the Leicester Square purlieus—they entered a public house to rest, and there found a quarrel going on, in which "the quart-pots, being the only missiles at hand, were soon flying about the room in glorious confusion." The scene took the fancy of the budding satirist. "He drew out his pencil and produced on the spot one of the most ludicrous pieces that ever was seen." Thus, even while almost totally uneducated, his faculty showed itself. He went about everywhere with open eyes, in which lay the gift not of that poetic insight which penetrates through outward aspects to the heart, but of seeing the outside combinations, the facts of ordinary life, the strange faces and gestures, the accidents and catastrophes, of prose and everyday existence. This manner of studying nature without the accompaniment of "the life" is a thing which few painters would be likely to recommend to pupils of genius; and Hogarth's theory, which is avowedly based upon an inclination and habit of mind totally different from that which "scorns delights and lives laborious days," is one very little applicable to general cases. That a man should want no other instruction, no work nor study, beyond that which could be got by "acquiring and retaining in his memory perfect ideas of the subjects he meant to draw," and should by that means only acquire as "clear a knowledge of the figure as a man who can write freely hath of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet," is for the ordinary mind a very astounding notion. The letters of the alphabet, fortunately, do not change the position of their legs and arms, as the human subject has a painful inclination to do; and the clearest idea of a scene—nay, the power to represent it vividly in words—does not, unhappily, convey to a writer any power over the other art. When the painter first propounded his notions, which would seem to have been during his fitful occasional attendance at the first "life" school established in England, one of his comrades drew from it the not unnatural conclusion, *that the only way to draw well was not to draw at all!* a commentary which Hogarth accepts with sufficient good-humour from an "arch brother of the pencil," who "supposed," he adds, "that if I wrote an essay on the art of swimming, I should prohibit my pupil from going into the water *until he had learned.*" The suggestion, however, is quite consistent with the daring and somewhat arrogant sense of

power which genius is apt to give to a mind so energetic, self-esteeming, and unimaginative. His aim was to express the abounding ideas of his active brain rather than to produce any "thing of beauty," and he was content with just so much mastery over the technicalities of his art as enabled him to do this. He pursued art as if it had been literature, with the most curious absence of that craving after absolute excellence which distinguishes the painter—and was from the first less concerned about his mode of expressing himself than about what he had to say.

Having thus framed for himself his own scheme of life and work, the young man, once free of the trammels of his apprenticeship, seems to have attempted no further exercise of the trade which he had just finished learning. "The instant I became master of my own time I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper," he says; and we are told by one of his biographers that "he supported himself at this period of his life by engraving arms and shop-bills." His own statement, however, is, that his first work was in the shape of frontispieces and illustrations to books, many of which—his illustrations of "Hudibras," "Don Quixote," &c.—are still preserved, though of merit marvellously inferior to what was to come. This early preface to life was not without its struggles. He went not too often to "the academy in St. Martin's Lane." He went about the world with bright eyes, noting everything, taking in a crowd of strange objects familiar as daily bread, yet wonderful and strange as truth ever is, into his teeming, working, throbbing brain, which had no fantastical susceptibility about it, nor tendency to be readily excited—and fasted and feasted with the joyous characteristic improvidence of his age and his craft. "I remember the time," he says, "when I have gone moping into the city with scarce a shilling; but as soon as I have received ten guineas there for a plate, I have returned home, put on my sword, and sallied out again with all the confidence of a man who had thousands in his pockets." The sword seems the only doubtful particular in this little sketch—everything else is, no doubt, as true to the life as may well be; but the homely, independent young *bourgeois*, proud of himself and his powers, and half scornfully, half good-humouredly indifferent to the opinion of others, seems scarcely likely to have troubled himself with such an appendage. Thus, however, he worked through the difficulties of his beginning—studying very little in the

ordinary sense of the word; yet wherever he was, "while my eyes were open," as he says, "I was at my studies, and acquiring something useful to my profession. I could do little more than maintain myself until I was near thirty," he adds, "but even then I was a punctual paymaster." The picture he thus gives of himself is as clear as any he ever made. An honest fellow, not over-careful either of his money or his time or his words; not self-denying, yet conscientious according to his fashion; determined to have his own way even in art; very confident of his own powers; dauntless in his undertakings; undiscouraged by failure—a jovial, careless, stubborn, prejudiced, yet righteous soul, without delicacy of perception or fineness of feeling, but with an eye like the light that saw and could not help seeing, and a mind strongly prepossessed with that vulgar powerful sense of morality in which there is nothing really religious, nothing spiritual nor elevating, but yet a vigour and force of influence upon the crowd which it is difficult to over-estimate. Such a man—troubled by no delicate scruples, endowed with such coarse, vigorous, moral sentiments, and set free to work as he listed in an age so full of social corruption—might be trusted to find work worth the doing. And Hogarth found his and did it, gaining strength as he went on.

The first print he published separately was one called the "Taste of the Town," now known as "Burlington Gate," which is simple satire, and shows little more than an impatient disgust with fashionable follies. The spectator does not feel quite sure, indeed, whether, had Cuzzoni and the others been English instead of Italian, they would have called forth so strongly the painter's wrath, since it is less their craft than their country that seems to annoy him. These were the days of rampant nationality, when an Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen, and when even so impartial a mind as that of Hume recognized with surprise and benevolent satisfaction that Germany was a habitable country. The London citizen, homely and arrogant, cannot throw sufficient scorn upon the Italian singer, of whom every contemptuous hypothesis is taken for granted, and whose puny head mounted on a big body, or loose-lipped, imbecile countenance, shows in the most primitive way the low place he is supposed to occupy in creation. While crowds are pouring to masquerade and opera in this print, a waste-paper dealer wheels across the foreground a wheel-barrow full of the neglected works of English dramatists, in which, how-

ever, Shakespeare ranks no higher than Congreve. The state of art is symbolized behind by a statue of Kent, the architect-painter, landscape-gardener, and general art-referee of the moment, who stands erect on the summit of Burlington Gate, supported by reclining figures of Michael Angelo and Raphael! This was the satirist's first essay in the branch of art he was afterwards to carry to so great a height. And there is not much meaning in it beyond the satisfaction of a half-trained man in his first savage stroke of ridicule. It took the fancy of the public, however, and became so popular that it was pirated, and Hogarth lost his just gains. It is supposed by various commentators that the prominent position of Kent in this and later prints was intended not only to express Hogarth's own fierce contempt of the charlatan in his own art, but to conciliate the favour of Sir James Thornhill, whose academy the young artist was attending fitfully, with more cultivation of his argumentative powers than of any other, so far as can be made out, and whose young daughter was an attraction still more powerful.

Except the bare facts, however, not a gleam of light is there to reveal the progress of the romance. Sir James's academy was held "in a room he had built at the back of his own house, now next the playhouse," says Hogarth; and here, perhaps, the struggling artist caught glimpses of the city maiden, no inapt representation of the legendary master's daughter of all London romances. It would be easy to imagine the stolen progress of the courtship, the visions of the young princess of the wealthy reputable house, only daughter and heart's delight, furtively gleaming upon the bold rebel who kept her father's studio in commotion, and fought like Ishmael against all theories and traditions. He was no longer a boy, but over thirty, working hard, with a pugnacious, unquenchable determination to pay his way and make his way, and earn wealth and fame; and she in the simplicity of twenty, with perhaps — most likely — a little womanly enthusiasm for art, and faith in it — not to say faith in the bold-eyed daring man, neither boy nor milk-sop, who was so sure of his own powers. Romance and Covent Garden seem little in keeping; and yet, no doubt, such a thing exists even now, when there are no quaint eighteenth-century interiors, no old-fashioned passages down which a pretty demure figure, in snowy cap and hanging ruffles, might be seen gliding by as in a Dutch picture. And the issue was that Jane Thornhill ran away with the

painter, though how and in what fashion we have no record.

It was, no doubt, a most imprudent match. He was thirty-three, and had yet done nothing to justify his own self-confidence. Not that indolence was a vice which could be charged against him. For thirteen years he had been hard at work, doing illustrations, frontispieces, every kind of drudgery that book-sellers would supply him with. He had even made a beginning in painting, and attempted to conciliate legitimate art by what he calls "conversation pieces;" but was still a struggling poor artist, not having yet struck the key-note of fame. Not very long before, indeed, he had been pronounced in court to be no painter, in the most humiliating and discouraging way. A more curious episode in the story of a man just trembling on the brink of fame could scarcely be. A Mr. Morris, an upholsterer, engaged him to make a design for tapestry, "a representation of the Element Earth," whatever that may have been. Immediately afterwards, the alarmed tradesman found out that the artist he had intrusted with such an important commission was no painter, but only an engraver! Upon this "I became uneasy," says the patron of art, "and sent one of my servants to him, who stated my apprehensions; to which Mr. Hogarth replied that it was certainly a bold and unusual kind of undertaking; and if Mr. Morris did not like it when finished, he should not be asked to pay for it. The work was completed and sent home; but my tapestry-workers, who are mostly foreigners, and some of them the finest hands in Europe, and perfect judges of performances of that nature, were all of opinion that it was not finished in a workmanlike manner, and that it was impossible to execute tapestry by it." The verdict was in the upholsterer's favour, and Hogarth had to swallow the affront as best he might. Nor was the patronage he met with always of a more dignified nature. He is reported to have sold his plates to the landlord of the Black Horse in Cornhill by the weight of the copper. "I am only certain that this occurrence happened in a single instance," says Nicholls, his biographer. "when the elder Bowles offered, over a bottle, half-a-crown a pound weight for a plate just then completed." Probably the incident was not so humbling to Hogarth as it looks at this date, when painters are not in the habit of discussing their works "over a bottle" with publicans. But yet these indications are sufficient to show that the path of the young artist was a primrose path, and that

he had his full share of those difficulties and mortifications which fall peculiarly to the lot of the self-trained and self-opinionated son of genius in all arts.

His Bohemian life, however, ceased with his marriage, and the sobering touch of household necessities and fully-developed existence speedily showed its effects upon his work. He took a house in Leicester Fields, and entered the world of legitimate art formally as a portrait-painter. What his domestic circumstances were there is no record, but he seems to have been claiming ineffectually from his father-in-law the portion which Thornhill probably thought his daughter had forfeited by her clandestine marriage; and it was hard times with the new household. His portraits did not succeed. "I could not bring myself to act like some of my brethren, and make it a sort of manufactory, to be carried on by the help of background and drapery painters," he himself says. "I was unwilling to sink into a portrait manufacturer," he adds, in another place, and proceeds with scornful force to describe the process:—

"A man of very moderate talents may have great success in it, as the artifice and address of a mercer is infinitely more useful than the abilities of a painter. By the manner in which the present race of professors in England conduct it, that also becomes still life as much as any of the preceding. Admitting that the artist has no further view than merely copying the figure, this must be admitted to its full extent; for the sitter ought to be still as a statue—and no one will dispute a statue being as much still life as fruit, flowers, a gallipot, or a broken earthen pan. It must, indeed, be acknowledged they do not seem ashamed of the title, for their figures are frequently so executed as to be as still as a post. Posture and drapery, as it is called, is usually supplied by a journeyman, who puts a coat, &c., on a wooden figure like a jointed doll, which they call a layman, and copies it in every fold as it chances to come; and all this is done at so easy a rate as enables the principal to get more money in a week than a man of the first professional talents can get in three months. If they have a sufficient quantity of silks, satins, and velvets to dress their laymen, they may thus carry on a very profitable manufactory without a ray of genius."

All this, no doubt, had truth in it; but, at the same time, it would be wrong to forget that the man who thus writes was very partially trained, with little real knowledge of the science of painting, and almost no acquaintance with its greatest works. He professed himself ready to compete with Vandyke with a curious vanity which seems peculiar to the British painter, and confesses, not without pride, that "I could not

help uttering blasphemous expressions against the divinity even of Raphael Urbino, Correggio, and Michael Angelo." Hogarth's biographers unite in attributing his failure in this branch of art to his uncourtly tendency to paint men as they were—a reason which he himself adduces. "I found, by mortifying experience," he says, "that whoever would succeed must adopt the mode recommended in one of Gay's fables, and make divinities of all who sit to him." This too, however, must be taken *cum grano*. Every one is aware how doubtful is the success in portraiture of historical or *genre* painters, who are in the habit of "taking the life," to use Hogarth's phrase, as a general guide, without filling their picture with portraits of their models. A painter of character naturally lies under a still greater difficulty. Each artist instinctively seizes upon that phase of physiognomy which attracts his special genius. The idealist may fail more agreeably than the humorist, but it is still a failure; his sitter is a model to him, not an individual; whereas to Hogarth his sitter was a character whose trenchant points he could not help seizing, and to whom he assigned a place involuntarily in the wild grotesque life-drama which he always felt to be going on around him. His portrait of himself, of Captain Coram, and one or two others, are full of homely force and reality; but beauty was not in his way. And in this matter, too, his arrogant spirit and fiery temper must have had much to do with his failure. "For the portrait of Mr. Garrick in 'Richard III.' I was paid two hundred pounds, which was more than any English artist ever received for a single portrait," he says; yet when Mrs. Garrick complained of another portrait of her husband, that it looked "less noble" than the original, "Hogarth drew his pencil across David's mouth, and never touched the piece again." A still more savage instance of resentment is recorded of him by the moral Dr. Trusler, in the first instance, and afterwards by all his biographers. A man of unusual ugliness, and even deformity, was so ill advised as to sit to him for his portrait, which Hogarth painted "with singularly rigid fidelity." The unfortunate sitter was in no hurry to claim the performance when finished, and after making repeated applications to him for the removal of his portrait and for its payment, Hogarth took the following unpardonable means of getting himself paid. "He sent him," says Dr. Trusler, "the following card: 'Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord —. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture

which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's pressing necessities for the money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it in three days, it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail and some other appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man; Mr. H. having given that gentleman a conditional promise on his lordship's refusal.' This intimation," adds the Doctor, with a chuckle, "had its desired effect—the picture was paid for, and committed to the flames."

Now it cannot be supposed that it is an agreeable thing to pay for a picture only to commit it to the flames, nor could the polite world be expected to subject itself to assaults of savage insolence like the above; and the wonder rather is that Hogarth had any sitters at all, than that his sitters were few. We find, however, in his journal a list of unfinished pictures during the first year of his marriage, which shows he was not without patronage. It includes "a family piece of four figures for Mr. Rich; an assembly of twenty-five figures for Lord Castlemain; a family of four figures for Mr. Wood; a conversation of six figures for Mr. Cook; a family of five figures for Mr. Jones; the Committee of the House of Commons for Sir Archibald Grant; . . . a family of nine for Mr. Vernon; another of five for the Duke of Montague, &c. &c." These were no doubt the "small conversation pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high," which, as he himself says, "having novelty, succeeded for a few years." These pictures are for the most part lost in private collections, and unknown to the public. At the same time, while still casting about for his fit work, with dim suggestions of it floating in his brain, but no certain inspiration to guide him, a more ambitious project crossed his mind. He was, it is evident, so totally un-instructed in art as to be able to conceive it possible that he, with his imperfect training, might make a sudden hit in the highest branch of his profession, having little more than natural genius of a totally different bent to help him up to the elevation of Raphael and Buonarroti. Thus poor Haydon, with wild and melancholy arrogance, pitted himself against the time-tried honours of Sebastian; and Turner, with better reason, though no more lofty meaning, has elected to go down to posterity in an endless duel with calm Claude, all unconscious of the quarrel fixed upon him. We are not aware that any but English artists have ever conceived so strange a struggle possible. It is thus that Hogarth describes his first attempt at high

art, and the intention with which it was made:—

"I entertained some hopes," he says, 'of succeeding in what puffers in books call *the great style of History-painting*, so that, without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity commenced history-painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital painted two scripture stories, the 'Pool of Bethesda' and the 'Good Samaritan,' with figures seven feet high. These I presented to the charity, and thought they might serve as a specimen to show that, were there an inclination in England for encouraging historical pictures, such a first essay might prove the painting them more easily attainable than is generally imagined."

The result, as was to be looked for, by no means fulfilled the hopes with which it was made. These vast compositions "served as a specimen" to show, not what English art could do if properly encouraged, but that sacred art was not in Hogarth's way, and that he had nothing to do with the grand and heroic. Probably he had himself made the discovery before he had finished the pictures. The same fruitful crisis just after his marriage—when his conversation pieces began to fail, and when it became more and more evident that, the heroic also failing, or promising to fail, some new attempt must be made to strike out an individual path—roused in him renewed ponderings over his own powers, and what he was to do with them. He could not depend continuously upon miserable book-illustrations or uncertain painting of faces. He felt himself thrill with power and the capacity for doing something, though he did not yet see what; and in this moment of doubt his musings took the following form:—

"I thought both writers and painters had, in the historical style, totally overlooked that intermediate species of subjects which may be placed between the sublime and grotesque. I therefore wished to compose pictures on canvas similar to representations on the stage; and further, hope that they will be tried by the same tests, and criticized by the same criterion. Let it be observed that I mean to speak only of those scenes where the human species are actors, and these, I think, have not often been delineated in a way of which they are worthy and capable.

"In these compositions those subjects that will both entertain and improve the mind bid fair to be of the greatest public utility, and must therefore be entitled to rank in the highest class. If the execution is difficult (though that is but a secondary merit), the author has claim to a higher degree of praise. If this

be admitted, comedy, in painting as well as writing, ought to be allotted the first place, as most capable of all these perfections, though *the sublime*, as it is called, has been opposed to it. Ocular demonstration will carry more conviction to the mind of a sensible man than all he would find in a thousand volumes; and this has been attempted in the prints I have composed. Let the decision be left to every unprejudiced eye; let the figures in either pictures or prints be considered as players dressed either for the sublime, for genteel comedy or farce, for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a *dumb show*."

"I therefore turned my thoughts to a still more novel mode," he proceeds — "viz., painting and engraving modern moral subjects, a field not broken up in any country or age." This resolution produced "*The Harlot's Progress*," "*The Rake's Progress*," and "*The Marriage à-la-Mode*," works more individual and remarkable than have ever, either before or since, distinguished British art. We do not say more beautiful, for that is a totally different question. Other English painters since his time have added many a sweet conception and fair fancy to the world's store of wealth; but Hogarth is alone in the remarkable effort by which he found his true work. He had spent his youth in unceasing attempts to make it out, and it was only in his mature manhood at thirty-five that he stumbled at last upon the true vein which he had been born to work.

The whole process is so curious, that it is worth almost as much study as the works themselves in which it at last found its issue. By rebellion against every tradition of his art — by attempts in a hundred different ways to express the yet inexpressible — by lawless studies, and equally lawless contradictions of other men's studies — by self-confidence which reaches the point of arrogance — the bull-headed, clear-sighted painter at last found out in his groping those tools which are always to be found somehow by those who can use them. He was one of the men who are born dissenters and protesters against the course of the ordinary world. That he should have been in arms against the false taste which cultivated a meaningless mythology was nothing — his nature required that he should wield his weapons also against the true taste, confusedly brightening through many shadows upon *dilettanti* circles, which were too fine and too pretentious to win any sympathy from the prejudiced Englishman.

Raphael was an Italian, and consequently of some kindred to the opera-singer, whose pockets were overflowing with English gold, while English genius could scarce find bread to eat; and therefore the divinest of painters excited in the mind of the stubborn islander a covert envious contempt, which he was half ashamed, half proud to express. But the pugnacity which was so strong in his own profession, took a double edge when the Ishmael of art turned his keen gaze upon the world which he had frequented from his childhood, and which was professedly his school and studio. Among those crowds which attracted and absorbed him, in which his vivid eye traced the perpetual thread of human interests, and equally perpetual thread of human identity, what wild mischief was working! There was Innocence, a white, helpless, feeble thing, fluttering for a moment on the verge of the abyss, with no inward power of resistance, or external force to protect it; there was Vice, boisterous and triumphant, filling the foreground of the national picture, always the loudest, the gayest, the most prominent object; and there was Destruction, staking quietly in hideous universal dominion, quenching the mirth, stripping off the gaudy robes, visiting upon everything its awful sentence. Such were the figures, dramatic and memorable, which Hogarth saw appearing and reappearing through the careless tragic crowd. He traced them now through one group, now through another — always the same uncertain beginning, the same flutter of short-lived pleasure, the same dismal annihilation. Nothing higher, nothing more subtle, in the complications of this terrible existence, was apparent to him; nor indeed was any other view possible either to the constitution of his mind or the nature of his art, which required the positive in all things, and had no words in which to express those gradations and shades of good and evil which form the favourite study of the nineteenth century. In the eighteenth, vice and virtue were sharply discriminated. The age, with all its artificiality, had that primitive character which belongs to a second-rate age. It believed in poetic justice, in swift rewards and punishments, in an edifying reality of recompense, such as the age of Shakespeare could no more have believed in than does our own. It was a sham century, full of false pretences in everything; and yet it was childishly realistic in its moral theories, and took it for granted that the industrious apprentice must come to be Lord Mayor, and the idle one be hanged at Tyburn, with a mingled

belief in, and indifference to, the moral, which is wonderful to behold. Such a sham satisfaction and confidence in the vindictive sovereignty of Justice is characteristic of a licentious age—perhaps because human instinct makes it apparent that without that last restraint the world must fall into utter and unmanageable corruption. It is only when higher canons of morality prevail, when decency has become the rule and not the exception, and when evil things hide themselves from the daylight, that humanity dares admit in words how often it is the good who suffer, and how generally the bad escape. Such an idea at least had never dawned on our painter. The other lesson was the lesson for his time; and with all his characteristic daring, with the vehemence of a man who has at last found utterance, and feels the power in his own hands, he proceeded to pour it forth upon the astonished world.

The story of "The Harlot's Progress" is already sufficiently indicated by its name. It is a hideous and miserable tragedy, without pathos or tenderness, but with a certain elevating touch of terror, the gloom of an inevitable catastrophe. Even in the first scene the horror already creeps in shadow over the doomed creature, with whom, however, the spectator is never called upon to have any sympathy. The tale is as pitiless as it is desperate. The young country girl, fresh and modest, with the rose in her bosom, and the innocence of ignorance in her face, does not, even in that one glimpse of her unfallen estate, appeal to the heart of the beholder. She is an easy, not unwilling, victim. The idea of any struggle on her part to stand against the hideous peril that approaches her has evidently never entered into her creator's mind. She is innocent because she knows no better, ready to be dazzled by the first gleam of temptation, the aptest pupil in the horrible school. And the vice into which she falls is unsoftened by the slightest veil of sentiment. In the second design it is full-blown and rampant, corrupted to the very core, with treachery added to depravity. It is evident that she has fallen without a struggle, and adopted her horrible trade without any compunctions. The third picture shows her reduced from luxury to squalor, but still as calm in her wickedness, as destitute of any relenting or movement of heart or conscience, as if she were a woman cut out of stone. She has added robbery by this time to her accomplishments, and plays with the watch she has stolen with a certain childish complacency in her acquisition. In the following scene, which

shows her in Bridewell, there is a certain pitiful half-whimpering wonder in her face, which for the first time introduces human feeling into the awful tale—a sudden "blank misgiving of a creature moving about in worlds not realized" has come over the fair, foolish, unawakened countenance. Is it possible that it can be required of her to labour and keep silence, she who had but idleness and noise and mad merrymaking since her career began? This look of childish complaint and wonder is the only trace of humanity in the wretched being who is thus pursued without sympathy to her miserable end. Her death, like her outset, makes no claim upon our pity. It is bare tragedy—dreadful, not pathetic. We gaze and are silent, but no tears come to our eyes. Such a passionless narrative, horribly calm and immovable, would be, we believe, impossible nowadays. But it adds in the most wonderful way to the moral effect of the story. Vice has never been without its sympathizers and bewailers. It has been clothed in sentimental colours, associated with love and generosity, and many of the highest qualities of the heart. False lights of every description have been thrown upon it—lights of genius, of wit, of splendour and luxury—everything that can most dazzle and confuse the mind. And though the highest portraiture of all would no doubt breathe an infinite pity for the lost and hopeless, yet there is in this rigid unsympathetic history a force which feeling cannot command. His heroine was no horror to Hogarth any more than she was a divinity. He could smile at her tricks, and enter into her tastes, and realize her fully as a conceivable being; but he has no pity for her, and he asks none from the public. There she stands, the curse and bane of whomsoever crosses her path—mean, heartless, loveless, miserable—doomed from the beginning, yet taking no grandeur even from her doom. This awful story Hogarth wrote up before the eyes of the world which knew her, and knew how true it was; and this was his moral—that vice was impossible; that it was ruin; that its doom was pronounced the moment the first step was taken; and that none escaped. It is hard to tell whether the painter meant or was aware of the frightful satire contained in his postscript, the funeral scene round which so many horrors crowd. He has been labouring to teach a terrible lesson, and yet, in the very moment of completing it, he is compelled to admit the fruitlessness of any lesson. Moral Dr. Trusler, who expounds the prints, does his best to throw

a shade of ridicule upon the whole by the solemn suggestion that "the appearance and employment of almost every one present at this mockery of woe is such as must raise disgust in the breast of any female who has the least tincture of delicacy, and excite a wish that such an exhibition may not be displayed at her own funeral." The meaning of the picture, however, whether intentional or not, is infinitely more profound than this smug bit of eighteenth century morality. It is, as we have said, at the end of the most trenchant and terrible warning, an exhibition of the fact still more terrible, that human nature is unteachable; that its levity is not sobered, nor its evil instincts subdued, even by the severest lesson; that proof itself fails to convince, or death to solemnize it; and that the preacher, be he ever so earnest, must acknowledge that he preaches in vain.

These wonderful pictures made an immediate revolution in the circumstances and prospects of the painter. By the anxious wiles of his young wife and her mother, who were eagerly seeking means of reconciliation between his father-in-law and himself, the series was placed clandestinely in Thornhill's drawing-room. The bit of family history involved in his observations on them is amusing and characteristic. The old painter was moved to instant admiration. He was himself a classicist, but had evidently sufficient candour of mind to perceive the originality and vigour of this new attempt in art. He asked eagerly who was the artist; but when he was informed a humorous change ensued. "Oh, very well; very well indeed," said Jane Thornhill's father. "The man who can paint such pictures as these can maintain a wife without a portion!" It is almost the only occasion upon which the veil of absolute obscurity is lifted from Hogarth's domestic life. The quarrel, we are told, was afterwards entirely made up, as such quarrels generally are in the long-run, and the portion thus contended for would seem to have been eventually granted. "He afterwards considered the union of his daughter with a man of such abilities an honour to his family, was reconciled, and generous," says Dr. Trusler—another proof of the oft-proved principle that there is nothing so successful as success. The outer world was equally favourable. "When the publication was advertised, such was the expectation of the town that above twelve hundred names were entered in the subscription-book. . . . At a time when England was coldly inattentive to everything which related to the arts, so desirous

were all ranks of people of seeing how this little domestic story (!) was delineated, that there were eight piratical imitations, besides two copies in a smaller size than the original, published by permission of the author for Thomas Bakewell." To show still further the taste of the time, it is added that "the whole series was copied on fan-mounts representing the six plates—three on one side and three on the other." These fans were no doubt presented, in the interests of morality, to young and innocent women, whose ears we would now think polluted by the very name. Thus, as time changes, the reformations of one age become the wonder and scandal of another.

There were, however, other circumstances besides their originality and merit which attracted the public attention to these remarkable prints. The debauchee in the first of the series was identified as the Colonel Charteris already distinguished by Pope. The magistrate in the third attracted the instant admiration of the society as a portrait of Mr. Justice Gonsou, a judge famous for his pursuit of the vicious. Other likenesses were discovered or imagined as the series went on; and thus the crowd solaced itself with a piece of gigantic gossip, which satisfied those who were incapable of any graver impression. Other prints, too, had prepared the way for the first epic series—"The Man of Taste"—a reproduction of the Gate of Burlington House, with Kent planted on the apex, but with the addition of a figure of Pope whitewashing the wall and bespattering the passers-by, in allusion to his unjustifiable onslaught on the Duke of Chandos; "Southwark Fair," "The Examination of Bambridge before the House of Commons," etc. These had been gradually preparing the way for his grand success, and at last the eye and interest of the public were finally won.

His second series appeared not much more than a year later. It is the fatal career of a man instead of a woman which the painter treats in the second place, with a corresponding change of rank from the lowest to the higher class. The Rake is introduced to us as the heir of a miser, whose fortune would seem to have fallen suddenly and even unexpectedly into his hands. He has the aspect of a gentleman-rustic, the young squire of the age, a fair meaningless young face, and a story of premature wickedness to mark that he is already a man of spirit. This story is interwoven through the whole course of the more sombre drama, with an attempt, the only one Hogarth ever made, to exhibit suffering truth and goodness in contrast

with depravity. The attempt cannot, however, be said to be successful. Virtue, in her conventional guise, is no match for vice in all the force of reality and nature; and the ministering angel who hovers over her seducer, delivering him from want and attending him in his misery, is the only unreal thing in the tragedy. In the first scene the elated heir is refusing to acknowledge the claims made upon him by the weeping victim and her mother, to whom he offers money with the *insouciance* of the conventional betrayer of innocence. Not so dazzling as Lovelace, he is the Squire Thornhill of the time, evidently the favourite and most familiar hero of popular fiction; and there is nothing elevated in the country lass, with her apron to her eyes, and a ring held between her fingers, of whom the young good-for-nothing is calmly disembarassing himself.

The second scene is pure comedy, revealing the hero as a full-blown man of fashion, holding that levee of dependants and flatterers with which the world by this time is so familiar. Then comes a horrible orgy in a tavern, where the hero, his expression changing from the imbecility of complacent patronage to the deeper imbecility of intoxication, is still the centre of the revolting group. The fourth print, the least successful of the series, reveals the first check in his career. He is going to court in all his finery when his chair is stopped, and the bailiffs interrupt his progress; but are in their turn interrupted by the forgiving and faithful woman, the victim of the first scene, who, we are to suppose, has so far prospered in the meantime as to be able to deliver him by means of the purse which she holds up with indignant pity. The next scene is the hero's marriage to a simpering and substantial old maid, who stands in forcible contrast to the pretty young girl arranging her dress behind, by the side of the dismayed prodigal, who submits to his fate with averted eyes and stolid face. Dr. Trusler is very hard upon this unhappy bride. "An observer," he says, "being asked, *How dreadful must be this creature's hatred?* would naturally reply, *How hateful must be her love?*"—a discussion which, however, seems quite beyond the question. The Rake's funds being thus recruited, we find him next the tragic centre of a gambling scene. He has thrown himself on one knee in a despair which is too theatrical for reality, having first plucked off from his shaven head the wig which lies on the floor beside him. This histrionic anguish, however, is powerfully contrasted by the dumb despair of the seated figure beside him, who

is evidently too much absorbed by his own losses and failure to have either eye or ear for anything else. In the seventh print the oft-averted ruin has at length and finally come. The hero is in prison, in a crowded room in the Fleet, in which an extraordinary group are collected around him. By his side stands his old wife, dishevelled and furious, pouring forth her rage upon him. In the foreground the woman whom he forsook and deceived falls fainting, overcome, it is supposed, by the sight of his sufferings. The hero himself, curiously matured and changed, sits with staring eyes and shrugged-up shoulders, listening as if he heard them not, to his wife's reproaches, and the demands of the jailer, and pot-boy, who appeal to him on the other side. Of all the series this is perhaps the most powerful figure, though a curiously foreign element has been introduced, for which the spectator is quite unprepared. On the edge of ruin the young debauchee has turned author. On the table beside him lies a roll of paper and an open letter intimating that his play "will not do;" and it is evidently the failure of this last hope which fills his worn face with such a vacancy of despair.

No doubt Hogarth intended this incident as the fiercest satire upon the play-writers of the time; and in this picture of the ruined prodigal, with no other inspiration than that hideous knowledge of the vilest phases of humanity which it is common to call knowledge of the world, making a last attempt to retrieve his fortunes by means of the art of Shakespeare, was aiming a crushing blow at many a fashionable dramatist. But the Rake's despairing effort has been too bad to be floated into life even by his notoriety; his wig is pushed back from his forehead, one opened hand raised in expostulation, a bewildered hopelessness in his farce. The faint of his old love before his eyes affects him not so much as the demand of the pot-boy; his mind has no room for such emotions. And the spectator looking on would like to clear off the ministering angel as an encumbrance, and feels neither sympathy for her nor interest in her. She is thrust artificially into the story, an interpolation interfering with its completeness. The last scene of all leaves the hero in a madhouse, supported and tended by his faithful and virtuous victim. Thus, while death concludes the misery of the woman-criminal, insanity obliterates the fuller life of the man who has turned every good gift bestowed upon him into bitterness. The story is less simple, and so is the moral, but the lesson is not less forcibly urged. In the first pictorial narrative everything

was clear and concise, written with a pen of iron upon tablets of stone—impurity, which is the supremest rebellion against all the laws of life, followed by swift-destruction, death, and the end. But in the other story the lines are less distinct; confusion has crept over heaven and earth; a perpetual jar runs through everything. There is the bewildering change from obscurity to wealth; the rapture of possession; the sudden fall and rising, and reprecipitation into the abyss, all following each other with a rapidity which takes away the breath. It is all confusion and chaos, beginning in folly, ending in madness; no longer passive ignorance falling prone and at once, but a thousand gifts misused, opportunities wasted, good turned into evil, love and truth and nature all twisted into overthrow, and Bedlam at the end.

"The Rake's Progress" was not quite so successful as the preceding series—partly, no doubt, because it was the second, and partly from the greater elaboration of the story. But still we are told that its success "must have been great; for it was satisfactory to the artist himself." The figures were again in many cases portraits; but the chances are that this particular, so totally unimportant nowadays, at so great a distance of time, had but little to do even with contemporary popularity. For such characters as "the fencing-master Dubois," "the miser Old Manners," "the maniac William Ellis," could not be sufficiently well known to the multitude to move its interest. By this time wealth had begun to flow upon the ever-energetic painter. He became able to add to his own town-house "summer lodgings in Lambeth Terrace," then no doubt a healthy rural neighbourhood, where "the house which he occupied is still shown, and a vine pointed out which he planted. While residing there he became intimate with the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, and embellished them with designs." The "Four Parts of the Day" were composed for this use, and a host of other works testify to the untiring vigour of the artist, who at last found himself appreciated, and evidently laboured with a sense of enjoyment under the pleasant stimulus of applause. In the ten years which elapsed between the publication of "The Rake's Progress" and that of "Marriage à-la-Mode" he had produced "The Modern Midnight Conversation," a wonderful group of revellers, most of them in the last stage of intoxication; "The Sleeping Congregation;" "The Distressed Poet;" a group of doctors in consultation, known as "The Undertakers' Arms;" an equally

grotesque group of students at a lecture; "The Four Parts of the Day;" "Strolling Actresses Dressing in a Barn;" a curious emblematical drawing called "The Foundlings," as bad and flat in its high virtue and benevolence as the others are spirited and graphic, which was intended for the use of the newly-founded hospital; "The Enraged Musician," "Taste in High Life," &c., besides a crowd of other less remarkable works. At the same time, in this period of satisfied and prosperous but always pugnacious activity, he painted several portraits with the avowed intention of rivalling the old painters whom his *dilettanti* friends worshipped.

In one of his perpetual argumentations at the academy in St. Martin's Lane, Hogarth, "provoked," as he tells us, "by their perpetual glorification of the past, put the following question: 'Supposing,'" says the sturdy rebel, "'that any man at this time were to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit or acquire the reputation due to his performance? They asked me, in reply,'" he proceeds, "'if I would paint one as well?' and I frankly answered, 'I believe I could.'" Thus it will be seen that not even success calmed down the fighting nature of the self-dependent painter. The portrait of Captain Coram, to which he refers as "the one which I painted with most pleasure, and in which I particularly wished to excel," is an admirable serious portrait of the homely philanthropist, whose work had evidently interested and stirred Hogarth's kindly pugnacious heart; but neither in that nor in the fat complacent features of Bishop Hoadley, whom he painted about the same time, is anything to be found which could affect the pre-eminence of Vandyke. It seemed necessary to the vigorous arrogant soul, incapable of any doubt of its own powers, to make a strain at the impossible now and then as life went on; and it is curious to find him doing it quite as eagerly now, at the height of his fame, as when working unfriended and eager, with his heart burning within him, and a sense of unexercised power swelling in all his veins.

A more legitimate use of his natural combativeness was made in 1735, when, justly disgusted and alarmed by the losses he sustained from spurious copies and imitations of his prints, he sought and obtained, in concert with various other artists and printsellers, the law of copyright in drawings and engravings, which secured to him the benefit of his own genius. He was so

much satisfied by the promptitude of the Legislature, that he engraved a print to commemorate the event, with an inscription which is more characteristic than modest — "In humble and grateful acknowledgment," he says, "of the grace and goodness of the Legislature, manifested in the Act of Parliament for the encouraging of the arts of designing, engraving, &c., obtained by the endeavours, and almost at the sole expense, of the designer of this print, in 1735." It was, however, a very natural subject of self-gratulation, since it was his prints and not his pictures which gave him the modest wealth he had now attained.

"He was rich enough to keep his carriage," says Allan Cunningham; "and though brother artists conceded to him the name of painter with whimsical reluctance, he was everywhere received with the respect and honour due to a man of high talents and uncommon attainments." So little seems to be authentically known of his private life, that it is vain to make any attempt to discover its fashion. "He loved state in his dress" — the same authority adds, somewhat vaguely, "and good order in his household; and the success of his works enabled him to indulge in the luxuries of a good table and pleasant guests." The plain English of this, apparently, is, that the painter was somewhat lavish and open-handed, living up to his means, and taking little thought for the morrow. Barry describes him as "a little man in a sky-blue coat," whom he saw once standing at the corner of a street encouraging two boys to fight. Probably he painted them afterwards, with that lively pictorial sense of what it must all come to, which did not interfere with his natural English delight in the moment's sport. He was a friend of Fielding and of Garrick, but does not appear to have made his way into fashionable society, though he painted pictures for Horace Walpole, and had patrons of title like other men. Probably he was himself too *brusque*, too opinionated, too little considerate of the feelings of others, for such a promotion.

Just before the publication of his last, and in some respects greatest, series of engravings, Hogarth sold the pictures from which his former prints were taken in a whimsical and eccentric way by auction. They had all, it appears, up to this time, remained in his hands. It was in the January of '45, when so many things were going on, when Prince Charlie was preparing to cross the Channel, and the kingdom, in the eyes of many, was on the very edge of a great convulsion; and it gives us a curious

glimpse into the individual calm and leisure of that inner world of London, where Richardson sat working at his "Clarissa," and every man went after his ordinary affairs, to find Hogarth concocting a scheme which looks like a practical joke, and in which there probably was a certain suppressed irony, for the disposal of his pictures. "On the 25th of January . . . he offered for sale the six pictures of "The Harlot's Progress," the eight paintings of "The Rake's Progress," "The Four Times of the Day," and "The Strolling Actresses," on the following conditions: —

"1. Every bidder shall have an entire leaf numbered in the book of sale, on the top of which will be inscribed his name and place of abode, the sum paid by him, the time when, and for which picture.

"2. That on the day of sale, a clock, striking every five minutes, shall be placed in the room; and when it hath struck five minutes after twelve, the first picture mentioned in the sale-book shall be deemed as sold; the second picture when the clock hath struck the next five minutes after twelve, and so on in succession till the whole nineteen pictures are sold.

"3. That none advance less than gold at each bidding.

"4. No person to bid on the last day, except those whose names were before entered in the book. As Mr. Hogarth's room is but small, he begs the favour that no persons, except those whose names are entered in the book, will come to view his paintings on the last day of sale."

Notwithstanding the natural disinclination of "the town" to take all this trouble, we learn incidentally that Hogarth's study "was full of noble and great personages" when the day of sale arrived. He had still further revealed his opposition to all canons of art by another warlike manifesto in the shape of an admission ticket to his auction, in which a number of well-known pictures by the old masters are seen in personal conflict with Hogarth's own productions, the juxtaposition being often comical enough, though strained and uncomfortable, as are all angry attempts at wit. The sale itself, which was attended by preliminaries so remarkable, was commercially a failure. For the nineteen pictures thus put up to auction he received only £427. Thus, for a sum which would be but a modest price for one cabinet picture of a well-known painter nowadays, Hogarth, the founder of a school, a painter as widely known and as largely popular as if his narratives had been written with the pen instead of the pencil, gave a large number of the best efforts of his genius. It "must have stung his proud spirit," suggests Allan

Cunningham; and it is apparent in every line of his personal narrative that the effect of this and the other slights shown to himself and to native art generally, embittered the whole current of Hogarth's thoughts. Even before this humiliating instance of the indifference of the picture-buying classes, he had expressed his opinions on the subject in a letter in defence of Sir James Thornhill's pictures, published in the *St James's "Evening Post"* of June 7th, 1737—in which he launched fiery arrows of indignation at "the picture-jobbers from abroad," who set their face against all progress in art. It is thus he describes their operations and the effect produced:—

"It is their interest to depreciate every English work as hurtful to their trade of continually importing shiploads of Dead Christs, Holy Families, Madonnas, and other dismal, dark subjects, neither entertaining nor ornamental, on which they scrawl the terrible cramp names of some Italian masters, and fix on us poor Englishmen the character of universal dupes. If a man, naturally a judge of painting, not bigoted to those empyrics, should cast his eye on one of their sham-virtuoso pieces, he would be very apt to say, 'Mr. Bubbleman, that grand Venus, as you are pleased to call it, has not beauty enough for the character of an English cookmaid.' Upon which the quack answers, with a confident air, 'Sir, I find that you are no connoisseur. The picture, I assure you, is in Alesso Baldaminetto's second and best manner, boldly painted and truly sublime, the contour gracious, the air of the head in the high Greek taste; and a most divine idea it is.' Then, spitting in an obscure place, and rubbing it with a dirty handkerchief, takes a skip to t'other end of the room, and screams out in raptures, 'There's an amazing touch! A man should have this picture a twelvemonth in his collection before he can discover half its beauties!' The gentleman (though naturally a judge of what is beautiful, yet ashamed to be out of fashion by judging for himself) with this cant is struck dumb, gives a large sum for the picture, very modestly confesses he is indeed quite ignorant of painting, and bestows a frame worth fifty pounds on a frightful thing, which, without the hard name, is not worth so many farthings. Such impudence as is now continually practiced in the picture-trade, must meet with its proper treatment would gentlemen but venture to see with their own eyes. Let but the comparison of pictures with nature be their only guide, and let them judge as freely of painting as they do of poetry, they would then take it for granted that when a piece gives pleasure to none but these connoisseurs or their adherents, if the purchase be a thousand pounds, 'tis nine hundred and ninety-nine too dear; and were all our grand collections stripped of such sort of trumpery, then, and not till then, it would be

worth an Englishman's while to try the strength of his genius to supply their place, which now it were next to madness to attempt, since there is nothing that has not travelled a thousand miles, or has not been done a hundred years, but is looked upon as mean and ungenteel furniture."

"*Marriage à-la-Mode*," as we have already said, was published in the year '45. The circumstance that the originals still exist, and are now the property of the nation, makes this series perhaps the most generally known of all. The story cannot be said to be less painful, but there are fewer visible horrors in the delineation. The first scene shows us the signing of the contract by which the splendid son of a long-descended nobleman condescends to unite himself to a city maiden, the daughter of a wealthy old alderman. Never was contrast more complete than between the respective fathers on either side; and the whole tragedy shadows forth before us in the group on the sofa. The bridegroom powdered and periwigged, sits turned away from his bride, taking snuff out of the box which he holds gracefully in his hand, and gazing with the profoundest satisfaction at his own image in a great mirror. The lady sits by him listlessly leaning forward, her face full of a dreamy wonder and dissatisfaction, playing with her wedding-ring upon a handkerchief—a wistful creature, half-listening to the remark of the barrister in gown and wig, who has turned away from the table on pretence of mending his pen, and bends over her whispering something. She listens with eyes cast down, with the blank look of a being standing on the threshold of an unknown world. Councillor Silvertongue is nothing to her at that strange moment. She is musing, wondering, standing still to gaze at the undecipherable existence—a little sad and disturbed, not knowing what to make of it, hearing and seeing as in a dream. A touch of poetic imagination, unlike his ordinary tragic prose and intense reality, is in this listless, bending, dreamy figure. It interests the spectator, and moves him to certain pity, as Hogarth's pictures so seldom do. For one moment, intentionally or unintentionally, we are placed in sympathy with this predestined bride. The second scene is still more powerful. It is morning, and the married pair have met at something which is called breakfast. There has been a late party evidently the night before, and the candles still burn, and a yawning servant rouses himself hurriedly from a nap in the room behind. In the

foreground a bewildered steward, who has supposed himself certain of a hearing at such an hour, withdraws with his book and bills, holding up his hands and eyes in consternation. The centre of the interest, however, is in the marvellous figure of the husband, listlessly seated by the fire, a picture of weariness, satiety, and disgust, such as perhaps was never painted before. He seems to have but newly returned from revels still more protracted than those of his household. His hat is on his head, his dress in such disorder as a man's must naturally be who has been up all night. But the way in which he is thrown into his chair, the listless stretch of all his limbs, the dull gaze of his wearied eyes, the sated emptiness of his countenance, form altogether a picture tragic in its force. Nothing but pleasure, so called—mad pursuit of excitement and unlimited self-indulgence—could have produced a dissatisfaction so entire, yet so dull, such a sickening at everything in heaven or earth. It is the very epic of miserable exhaustion—dull, heavy, hopeless, impatient. He has not a word to throw even at the dog who is sniffing at the contents of his pocket. The listless limbs have not vigour enough left to kick it away. What is the good? is written on every line of the wonderful figure. Such a sermon upon vice was never preached before. Once more there is a dawning of pity in the mind of the looker-on. The poor wretch, capable of such dead disgust with himself and all the miserable delights into which he has been plunging, might surely have been capable of better things. This time it is the man who thus moves us; the wife, with her table thrust almost into the fire with the chilliness of luxury, yawns and gazes at him under her half-closed eyelids with a half-wondering contempt. Probably there has been a quarrel about something, for she holds in her hand what looks like a jewel-case; but she as yet has sounded no depths, and does not understand the tragedy which envelops him. The one figure is that of frivolity playing with the approaches of wickedness, utterly unaware of the depths which lie below and the consequences involved in them, lightly wondering and contemptuous, yawning out of simple laziness and want of sleep; the other is the embodied failure, the self-acknowledged futility, and dissatisfaction of vicious pleasure. Of all Hogarth's impersonations, this has, perhaps, the highest meaning. It is scarcely surpassed by anything in art.

The next scene once more abandons the higher walk of genuine tragedy to plunge

into hideous obscenities, into which we cannot follow the hero; nor is the meaning of the scene clear enough to reward investigation. The chiefly notable thing in it is the strange stolid impassible figure of the child-woman, the heroine of the horrible tale, an unhappy little puppet tricked out with every kind of finery, and with the blood chilled in its very veins. The creature stands erect, but in such a stupor of suffering, or misery, or terror, that one feels she would fall prostrate at the merest touch, or crumble into nothing, a ghost of helpless unintentional vice, far more truly piteous and lamentable than the Harlot of the first series. But, except for this, the suggestions of the scene are simply disgusting, and the spectator is glad to hurry on to the comedy of the Toilet-scene, full of character and satire as it is. It ought to be *tragi-comedy*—for here it is that the wife and her lover are supposed to be making the fatal appointment, which ends in murder and death.

But we are obliged to say that we can find nothing tragical, nothing passionate, no struggle of love or conscience in the unmoved countenance of the fine lady who is being curled and powdered, nor in the reclining figure of her lover, who might be giving her a description of the perfectly lawful and decorous seductions of a china monster, for anything that appears in his face. He is holding out to her a masquerade ticket, says the official explanation; and we are to suppose that up to this moment she has been but frivolous, and that now passion is about to carry everything before it, and the woman is on the verge of destruction. But we are bound to add, that without the official explanation it would be very hard to find this out. Their conversation has not the least appearance of being confidential. The grinning hair-dresser over her shoulder hears every word of it, and the action of the picture flows quite away from the hero and heroine to the wonderfully expressive group behind her. The lady's *levée* is evidently well attended. There is an assemblage of gentlemen of various classes, one with his hair in curl-papers—and one lady in a walking-dress, who has evidently been attracted not by regard for her friend, but by the music, to which the heroine herself pays not the slightest attention. In the foreground, with his mouth wide open, in the act of singing, sits the favourite idol and abhorrence of the age, "that contemptible shadow of man, an Italian singer," as Dr. Trusler describes him. A flute-player, with his whole soul in his music, stands behind, accompanying the song. No doubt the wide loose lips, and

pug-nose, and imbecile expression given to the singer, were meant by Hogarth to express unmitigated contempt for the frivolous being who was rewarded with so much English gold. But the group surrounding him are not more dignified than the Italian. The lady is leaning forward in her chair, in an attitude uncomfortably suspended between sitting and standing, oblivious of the chocolate which a grinning black is pressing upon her; and the faces of the three men—one asleep, one idiotically ecstatic, the third musing over his coffee, and not without a glance at the conversation of the lovers—are curiously real and original. One has a fan suspended to his wrist, another has come abroad with his hair carefully disposed in curl-papers; so fearless of ridicule were the Macaroni of the age. And thus uttermost vanity and frivolity accompany to the very edge of ruin the doomed souls who have elected their own pleasure as the highest rule of existence. The costumes are out of date, but not the lesson, although let us hope our worst scandals of the present time are not so shameless.

In the next picture of the series the tragedy has come to a climax. It is the well-worn scene of discovery. The lover leaping out of the open window, the wife on her knees, in that miserable penitence which attends the fact of being found out, but with the tragic circumstance that the husband has been stabbed, and is dying. Perhaps the most powerful point in this picture is, that both are carried beyond the reach of emotions expressible in looks; the man sinks (in an impossible attitude, critics say—but that by the way) with the stupor of death upon him, beyond either rage or grief; the woman has fallen at his feet in a blank of horror and consternation which equally takes all feeling out of her face. Is it possible?—can it be?—the hapless wretch is crying dumbly in her hideous awakening. Sin so common, all the attendant circumstances so ordinary and usual, so many reasons why it should remain undiscovered for ever, why it should be excused, why the world should go on all the same with masqueraders and Italian singers, and one's patches and curls becomingly arranged; and lo, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, it has come to this! She has shrieked out in her sudden horror, and kneels before him, not penitent, too much shocked and startled for any feeling, gazing up at him as he falls, to see if it is true. The guilty lover turns round to give one look as he escapes; the burly watch bursts in at the door. Such is the tragedy; three hapless souls, but an hour since, in

the heyday of youth and self-indulgence, swept suddenly up in the fatal net of fate.

The concluding scene has that postscriptal character which is common to Hogarth's works. The men have both perished off the face of the earth—the husband murdered, the lover executed; and the unhappy creature who has stood between them, finding life intolerable, has just poisoned herself. We are done with them all, and we are glad of it. Their sorry tragedy is cleared away from the universe, and at the end comes in that strange consciousness of the unbreaking perpetual stream of life which makes every tragedy bearable. The miserable wife has returned to her father's house in the City, where all this time existence has been running on in its old channel. Heaven and earth have passed away in the meantime; earthquakes, convulsions, whatever is most fit to represent the climaxes and catastrophes through which his child has passed, have happened, and come to an end; but there stands the old father of the contract, unchanged, in the same coat and wig, and with the same soul, drawing her ring off her dead finger, lest it should be stolen; and there is the child, the little seed which has sprung into being amid all these storms, stretching out, unconscious, to kiss her dead face. The play is over, but the old existence lasts and the new begins.

Such is the last and most remarkable series of Hogarth's works. The spectator has a doubt, when all is over, whether he has read the story, or seen it acted, or only looked at it on the walls of the National Gallery or within the boards of a book—except, indeed, for the fact, most curious of all, that he has no sympathy with any of the characters in it—no desire to avert their fate, or yearning of pity over them. They fill him with wonder, or horror, or disgust, but with no fellow-feeling, or sense that they are creatures like himself. The highest aims of tragedy have been reached, and yet have been missed, with the strangest mixture of weakness and power. He closes the volume with perhaps a long-drawn breath of interest, but no sigh of human emotion. It is that story of guilty love which has gone deep to the heart, how often! notwithstanding all remonstrances of morality. It is the same story which Francisca, weeping, told to Dante in the dim country of despair; and yet we look on grimly with horror or interest, but without a tear or thrill of feeling. How is it? We have scarcely space enough to answer the question fully here.

This is, however, the prevailing defect of

these wonderful works, and one which for ever bars their entrance into the highest rank. They are pitiless, emotionless, unimpassioned as the barest history; and yet passion, so called, is their prevailing topic. They are cold as the scenes of a spectacle, and yet it is life in its most tumultuous shapes which they represent. The cause is either a certain ungenial unbelief in emotion, such as may be excused in a man familiar with the sight of cold-blooded vice; or it is because he who puts this stern lesson on record stands in the place of the Pharisee who gloats upon the sight, and is curious as to all its details, even while he holds in his hand the savage stone which is to crush the offender—and not in that of the divine Spectator, who turns his sad countenance aside, overwhelmed by the wonder, the pity, the misery of this lamentable life. It was given to Hogarth to proclaim hoarsely, yet unmoved, that the wages of sin is death, the primitive lesson; but not to quicken the heart or stir the weeping blood of humanity with any tenderness for the hapless creatures, with a lost heaven above, and hell and purgatory within them, who thus sinned and died.

The intimation in the newspapers of the approaching publication of this new series contained one of Hogarth's savage covert sneers at the world which ventured to criticize and wonder at him. "Particular care is taken," he says, "that the whole shall not be liable to any exception on account of *indecenty or inelegancy*; and that none of the characters represented shall be personal." Still more trenchant is the advertisement of the sale of pictures, in which he conceals his rage against his ungracious audience by a snarl of pretended deference to their opinion. He was still smarting under the sense of contempt and neglect which the sale of his former pictures had naturally produced; but it was no skilful way of conciliating the public to address them as follows:—

"As, according to the standard so righteously and so laudably established by picture-dealers, picture-cleaners, picture-frame-makers, and other connoisseurs, the works of a painter are to be esteemed more or less valuable as they are more or less scarce, and as the living painter is more or less affected by the inferences resulting from this and other considerations equally candid and edifying, Mr. Hogarth, by way of precaution, now puff, begs leave to urge that probably this will be the last sale of pictures he may ever exhibit, because of the difficulty of vending such a number at once to any tolerable advantage; and that the whole number he has already exhibited, of the historical or humor-

ous kind, does not exceed fifty—of which the three sets called "The Harlot's Progress," "The Rake's Progress," and that now to be sold, make twenty; so that whoever has a taste of his own to rely on, and is not too squeamish, and has courage enough to own it by daring to give them a place in a collection till time, the supposed finisher, but real destroyer, of paintings, has rendered them fit for those more sacred repositories where schools, names, heads, masters, &c., attain their last stage of preferment, may from hence be convinced that multiplicity at least of his, Mr. Hogarth's pieces, will be no diminution of their value."

The result was much what might have been anticipated from a preliminary struggle which had thus become personal between the painter and the world. The following narrative, however, throws a curious light upon the smallness of the circle to which picture-buying can have been possible in those days. We can scarcely imagine that any amount of petulance in words would have the effect of emptying Christie's sale-room, for instance, were the works of a well-known painter of the present time about to be offered to the public. When the reader considers that Hogarth was in the blaze of his fame, and that his prints were as good as an estate to him—prints taken from the very picture in question; and that these pictures are now among our national treasures, chief gems of our English collection; that they were the only remarkable productions then existing from the hand of an English painter, and are still unrivalled at the end of more than a century,—the following narrative of their sale, given by Mr. Lane, the purchaser, will be scarcely credible:—

"The sale was to take place by a kind of auction, where every bidder was to write on a ticket the price he was disposed to give, with his name subscribed to it. These papers were to be received by Mr. Hogarth for the space of one month, and the highest bidder, at twelve o'clock on the last day of the month, was to be the purchaser. This strange mode of proceeding probably disobliterated the public, and there seemed at that time to be a combination against Hogarth, who, perhaps, from the frequent and extraordinary approbation of his works, might have imbibed some degree of vanity, which the town in general, friends and foes, seemed resolved to mortify. If this was the case—and to me it was fully apparent—they fully effected their design; for on the 6th of June 1750, which was to decide the fate of this capital work, when I arrived at the Golden Head, expecting, as was the case at the sale of "The Harlot's Progress," to find his study full of noble and great personages, I only found Hogarth and his friend Dr. Parsons, Secretary to

the Royal Society. I had bid £110. No one arrived; and, ten minutes before twelve, I told the artist I would make the pounds guineas. The clock struck, and Mr. Hogarth wished me joy of my purchase, hoping it was an agreeable one; I said, "Perfectly so." Dr. Parsons was very much disturbed, and Hogarth very much disappointed, and truly with great reason. The former told me the painter had hurt himself by naming so early an hour for the sale; and Hogarth, who overheard him, said, in a marked tone and manner, "Perhaps it may be so." I concurred in the same opinion, said he was poorly rewarded for his labour, and if he chose, he might have till three o'clock to find a better bidder. Hogarth warmly accepted the offer, and Dr. Parsons proposed to make it public. I thought this unfair, and forbade it. At one o'clock Hogarth said, "I shall trespass no longer on your generosity; you are the proprietor, and if you are pleased with the purchase, I am abundantly so with the purchaser." He then desired me to promise that I would not dispose of the paintings without informing him, nor permit any person to meddle with them under pretence of cleaning them, as he always desired to do that himself."

And all the time the world was showering wealth on Farinelli, as in our own day it went to see Tom Thumb, driving poor Haydon frantic. In the latter case it is perhaps, let us say it with a sigh, comprehensible; but Hogarth's disappointment is a proof that, though an artist may quarrel with the big world in general, he must not quarrel with a limited class in it, or that he must take the consequences. To-day, when the last new millionaire is ready to bid over my lord's head to any amount, the consequences would no doubt be much less serious.

Hogarth's next work was the series of "Industry and Idleness," as exemplified in the history of Goodchild and Idle, two London 'prentices—a drama quite according to the taste of the time, in which the good lad has so perpetually the best of it, that the wonder is how the wicked one should show a disinterestedness and self-devotion so much above the well-rewarded respectability of his comrade. "The thrifty citizens of London welcomed these works warmly, and hung them in public and private places as guides and examples to their children and dependants," says Cunningham. About the same time Hogarth produced a portrait of old Simon Fraser of Lovat, which we are told, "was so popular" that it was impossible to supply impressions sufficiently fast to satisfy the eager demands of the public. Nothing can be more curious than the character of this portrait, the pawk, shrewd, humorous old face, which

is the last that could possibly be imagined to belong to an arch rebel lying under sentence of death for his country. It is comprehensible how the fancy of the public must have been caught by the frightful contrast between those homely shrewd features and the tragic place they held on Temple Bar in all the sublimity of death and patriotism and high treason.

It is painful, however, to have stories to tell of our painter which are not pleasant stories. He went to France after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and no sooner had he crossed the Channel than the vulgar instincts of the irrepressible Englishman seem to have burst forth in him without restraint. The fact is part of his character,—and yet it is always strange to discover under the hearty, joyous, cordial exterior which is traditional to John Bull, that curious, cold, hard, emotionless kernel which is so often associated with it—a heart entirely devoid of genial human sympathy, and incapable of entering into, or even realizing, the feelings of others. The same nature which made our painter calmly indifferent to the sufferings and calamities of his own heroes and heroines, made him loudly contemptuous of all external circumstances to which he was unaccustomed.

"He was displeased from the first with the people, the country, the houses, and the fare. All he looked upon he declared to be in bad taste. The houses, he said, were either gilt or befoiled. He laughed when he saw a ragged boy; and at the sight of silk stockings with holes in them he burst out into very imprudent language." The result was, that he was summarily sent back, two guards accompanying him on board the English packet, who, "having insolently twirled him round and round on the deck, told him he might proceed on his voyage without molestation;" a process which many a French guard and many an English traveller would have been but too glad to repeat since Hogarth's day. He revenged himself by a design called "The Roast Beef of Old England," and at a later period, by two pictures called respectively "England" and "France," and supposed to represent the eve of an invasion, in which frogs and *soupe maigre* on the one side, and riotous living on the other, are the chief features—quite conventional, and not perhaps such telling arguments to the present age as they were to Hogarth's. It would be difficult to go over in detail all his remaining works. The only late series with a moral meaning is the one entitled "The Four Stages of Cruelty," a subject too revolting to be discussed; and the two prints,

called "Beer Street" and "Gin Lane," in the last of which occur two figures unsurpassed for ghastly tragedy, one of which, a half-naked woman, from whose helpless arms her child is falling, sits unconscious, leering at the spectator with drunken imbecility; while the other, half man, half skeleton, in a stupor which is partly drink and partly death, sits on the stair below her, with glazed eyes and falling jaw, unable to raise the glass to his ghastly open mouth—figures which haunt the beholder like the visions of a nightmare. Among his other pictures there is a burlesque of Paul before Felix, "designed in the Dutch style," of which Cunningham tells us that "nothing can surpass it for broad humour," though disgust is the only feeling with which we find ourselves capable of regarding it. He afterwards, as, we suppose, a kind of *amende honorable*, painted a serious version of the same subject, which is as heavy and turgid as heart could devise. After this, however, our painter recovered himself. He produced "The March to Finchley," full of fun and movement, and the varied scenes of the election, from which we have the clearest and most graphic notion of what politics were in those days, and how the business was managed which authority is only now trying seriously to bring within due control. Things have changed mightily in the mean time; and yet it is curious to note how little some things have changed.

In the year 1753, when he had reached the mature age of fifty-six, Hogarth made his *début* in literature. "What?" he says, himself—

"What? a book, and by Hogarth! then twenty to ten

All he's gained by his pencil he'll lose by his pen.

Perhaps it may be so — howe'er, miss or hit, He will publish — here goes; it is double or quit."

The work was the "Analysis of Beauty," a book full of trenchant criticisms upon everybody who differed with himself, and in which he set forth a theory which he had indicated some time before by a waving line drawn upon a palette in the foreground of his own portrait; on this line was engraved the words, *Line of Beauty*. "No Egyptian hieroglyphic ever amused more than it did for a time," he says. "Painters and sculptors came to me to know the meaning of it, being as much puzzled with it as other people." We have no space left to enter into either the book or its theory, but it had upon Hogarth the almost fatal effect which pen and ink seem to have upon

those to whom pigments and pencils are the natural weapons—it drove him into public argumentation, abuse, and defence. Unfortunately, as was the fashion of the time, personal questions of all kinds got mixed up in the discussion of principles. Passion grew warmer and warmer as it was expressed; and the Englishman's theoretical contempt for the old masters, who were continually thrown in his teeth, grew to such a heat that it drove him to the most unequal and unlikely contest. A picture, by some supposed to be by Correggio, had been a short time before sold for £400 at a sale of pictures, and Hogarth, with insane rivalry, offered to take up the same subject for the same price, thus putting himself directly in competition with his predecessor—a proceeding both foolish and undignified; especially foolish, considering the subject, since he must have known that pathos was not his forte. It was "Sigismunda weeping over the Heart of her Husband" that he undertook to paint; and Correggio, with all the weight of fame, stood by to be his judge. Failure must have been involved from the first in such a wager of battle. The painter was now sixty-two, and gave signs, as he well might, of having failed a little from his height of force. The subject was utterly out of his way. His motive could be little more than one of those stings of rivalry and emulation which are naturally short-lived in an old man. He had attained most things that men desire. He was well off, famous, the founder of a national school of art; he acknowledges even the "partiality" with which the world had received his works. He was Sergeant-Painter to the King, the highest mark of official favour. But all these good things did not defend him from that sting of vanity. The picture was a commission from Sir Richard (afterwards Lord) Grosvenor, who, "falling into the clutches of the dealers in old pictures," as Hogarth expresses it, became after a while less enthusiastic about it than could have been desired. The proud painter immediately rose in arms, and wrote a hasty letter, haughtily exonerating his patron from his bargain if he thought the price too great, and throwing in an allusion to "Mr. Hoare, the banker," as a threat at the end. Lord Grosvenor immediately replied with pardonable resentment, setting (on his side) the painter free to make "Sigismunda" over to Mr. Hoare, if he liked it. "I really think the performance so striking and inimitable," he adds, ironically, "that the constantly having it before one's eyes would be too often occasioning melancholy ideas to arise

in one's mind." Another surly note from Hogarth closed the correspondence, but the picture was never withdrawn from the painter's studio. In his pride and resentment he forbade his widow, by his will, to sell it for less than £500, and we do not find that she was ever tempted to do so. It was sold only after her death, when no guardian of Hogarth's fame was left in the world.

The critics, who had fallen upon his "Analysis of Beauty" as one man, now threw themselves with equal or increased vigour on the unfortunate picture thus left upon his hands. "A set of miscreants," he says, "the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures," heaped every kind of abuse on his "Sigismunda." And dauntless and virulent as was the old man himself, he was old and worn with much labour, and his health was affected by his mortification. "However mean the vendor of poisons may be, the mineral is destructive," he goes on. "To me its operation was troublesome enough. Ill-nature spread so fast, that now was the time for every little dog in the profession to bark and revive the old spleen which appeared at the time of the 'Analysis.' The anxiety that attends endeavouring to recollect ideas long dormant, and the misfortunes which clung to this transaction, coming on at a time when nature demands quiet, and something besides exercise to cheer it, added to my long sedentary life, brought on an illness which continued twelve months."

When he recovered from his illness, it was at a time when "war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind. Prints were thrown into the background, and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed thing* to recover my lost time and stop a gap into my income." Whether this picture of pecuniary need was true or not was hard to say; but it is curious to see the old painter, who had always so strenuously set himself against the tide, whatever that tide might be, thus taking up the side of power and authority for once in his life. "This drew forth my print of 'The Times,' a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity," he proceeds. But it did anything but promote these objects in Hogarth's own experience. It roused against him the unrestrained tongue of Wilkes, who had been his friend. In all our painter's pugilistic experience, he had never met such an antagonist before. Whether he had shared Wilkes's political opinions before this encounter, we are not told — indeed, it is to be supposed that he was no politician, diffi-

cult though it must have been for such a man to keep out of the excitement of the prevailing contest. "Hogarth sacrificed private friendship at the altar of party madness, and lent his aid to the Government," we are told; and immediately the "North Briton" brought out a furious article on "The King's Sergeant-Painter, William Hogarth." Hogarth retaliated with a concentrated force still more crushing: nature and his craft had provided him with the necessary weapons, and his reply was a portrait of Wilkes, so savagely like, so full of the fierce satire of truth, that the town was electrified. "My friends advised me," says Hogarth, "to laugh at the nonsense of party-wit — who would mind it? but . . . I wished to return the compliment, and *turn it to some advantage*." The blow struck deeply, and called up Churchill, Wilkes's henchman, in defence of his principal. Hogarth struck again, but this time more feebly. "I had an old plate by me, with some parts ready sunk as the background, and a dog, . . . and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage derived from these two engravings," says the uncompromising old warrior, with fine satisfaction, "together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life."

But amid these storms life was beginning to wane. Though he had quarrelled and struggled all his life, we hear of no such direct personal exchange of hostilities; and he was old, and the jar ran through him, body and soul. He produced but one notable work after these events — a work which we would gladly leave out of the record were it not too remarkable to be omitted. It is the print known by the name of "Credulity, Superstition, and Fanaticism," and is evidently an attempt to throw all the brilliant searching light of art upon the extraordinary success which attended the preaching of Wesley and Whitfield. Hogarth was not conscious of his own curious connection with the reformers of his age. He did not know what a hoarse, vigorous, unwilling pioneer his genius had been to their more spiritual labours. And with his usual sharp eye for the absurd, and intolerance of exaggeration, and want of sympathy with the feelings of others, he places before us a combination of religious madnnesses which it is painful to look upon, and which it is still more painful to quote as the last work of his life. Clear-sighted as he was, he had no more comprehension of the mission he himself had exercised than if he had been blind; nor is it probable that

Wesley would have owned or acknowledged the prophet's work of Hogarth. The world had need enough of both; but until the generation was over and past, and God had written on its grave that moral which only posterity can read, who could tell that between these two warning voices there was any sympathy or parallel? Hogarth impales the so-called fanatics upon the end of his spear without mercy. Probably there was even some truth of fact in his picture; but there is nothing of that higher truth which is beyond and above all mere reality.

But even while he recorded, with vehemence so bitter, his strong unalterable prejudices, and gave forth his hasty, ignorant, popular judgment with the promptitude and energy which had always distinguished him, the life of the old painter was waning. He was old, though he had scarcely begun to feel it; and the unkind assaults of his friends — for such both Wilkes and Churchill seem to have been — had jarred him through and through. He did as men do when they are sinking out of life's common capabilities. He took a house in retired Chiswick, among the trees and gardens; he left off work, "amusing himself with making slight sketches and retouching his plates." He went up and down to town now and then, and now recovered, now lost strength, as that piteous process of dying demanded; but "complained that he was no longer able to think with the readiness, and work with the elasticity of spirit" which had been habitual to him. It was apparently in this waning time that he made the notes, so full of vigour and passion and characteristic pugnacity, from which we have quoted so much. And yet, by moments, the self-disclosure fell into other strains. Sometimes he murmurs feebly, with the complaining of a child — of "one, till now rather my friend and flatterer, attacking me in so infamous and malign a style." Sometimes he rises into the formal yet half-

deprecating self-assertion which was considered in that age to be the fit tone for a deathbed. "I can safely assert that I have invariably endeavoured to make those about me tolerably happy," he says with tremulous dignity, and that strange eighteenth-century satisfaction in the contemplation of his own goodness. "My greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury; though, without ostentation, I could produce many instances of men that have been essentially benefited by me. What may follow, God knows." When October came with warnings of approaching winter, he went back to Leicester Fields to spend the darker season in town, but spent only one day there, his career being over. He died quite suddenly, overtaken all at once by the shadow which had been coming on so slowly and so long. He was sixty-seven, full of years and honours; and yet died worried and wearied and vexed with the contradictions of life.

There is little to be said of him beyond what has been said. He was childless, and had no personal life to throw gleams of more human interest upon the story of his career. No man before or since has painted a story like him, or set forth a parable with such authentic force and boldness. Without any absolute horror or of indignation against vice, he traced its course with a hand that never flinched from any detail, or hesitated at any catastrophe, making it so plain to an age which needed teaching that he who ran might read. He was genial, vehement, and warm in manners and temper; but his intellect was cold, and did its work without much assistance from the heart. Before his pictures the vulgar laugh, and the serious spectator holds his peace, gazing often with eyes awe-stricken at the wonderful unimpassioned tragedy. But never a tear comes at Hogarth's call. It is his sentence of everlasting expulsion from the highest heaven of art.

I do not know that there is anything, except it be humility, which is so valuable as an incident of education as accuracy. And accuracy can be taught. Direct lies told to the world are as dust in the balance when weighed against the falsehoods of inaccuracy. These are the fatal things. And they are all-pervading. I scarcely care what is taught to the young if it will but implant in them the habit of accuracy.

Now, look at the matter in this light. Take the speech of any man for any given day. For once that he wilfully gives a wrong colour (with

an eye to his own interests) to anything which he states or narrates, he mistakes or misdescribes twenty times, on account of his inability to tell anything accurately.

Besides, there is this important result from a habit of accuracy, that it produces truthfulness, even on those occasions where a man would be tempted to be untruthful. He gradually gets to love accuracy more even than his own interests: at last he has a passion for accuracy.

Arthur Helps.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## UNCLE DEAN.

THE next day Mr. William's conduct still showed signs of grace. He was silent; but then in his case silence was indeed golden, though his speech could scarcely have been described as "silvern," but rather as small change in brass. He not only made no objection to the family migration to "the Fishery," which it was arranged at breakfast should take place on the ensuing day, but evinced a strong desire to depart at once: "Why couldn't they go that very afternoon?"

This could not be done at such short notice, because of certain arrangements necessary to be effected for the invalid; but it was suggested by Mrs. Blackburn that all was ready at the cottage, if William liked to precede the party by four-and-twenty hours, and establish himself there alone. But this he would by no means listen to; he would wait and travel with the rest. His sociability was so extreme as to become almost oppressive to poor Mr. Waller, to whom he chiefly attached himself. "I like to hear you talk, Waller; you have got such capital stories: be lively, there's a good fellow, because I feel rather down in the mouth, and as if, somehow, I was going to be ill."

It was rather difficult to be lively under such depressing circumstances, and especially as his companion did not exhibit the slightest appreciation of his efforts, or indeed appear to listen to one word he said. His eye was on the watch, his ear was on the stretch, for that expected some one, more than ever.

Yet, when the footman came into the room where they were sitting late in the afternoon, with: "You are wanted, if you please, sir, by a person in the front hall," Mr. William seemed by no means relieved by that indefinite summons. On the contrary, his lips grew white, and his jaw fell, so that he could not utter a word; and it was ready Mr. Waller who put the question for him: "What sort of a person is it, John, and what is his business?"

"Well, sir, he said he wouldn't give his name, but that Mr. William knew all about him. I think he's some sort of a horsey gent."

"Yes, yes," said William with a testiness which the sharp eyes of the ex-M. P. at once perceived was assumed to conceal a sense of relief, "I know the fellow. I have been expecting him this long time. It's a disagreeable business—I am afraid I must see him alone, Waller—John, if

there is no one in the drawing-room, show him in there;" and in a few minutes the young Squire was face to face in that gorgeous saloon with the man who had known him in his least prosperous days, and who knew his secret, but to whom, as we have seen, he had made up his mind not to give a sixpence of hush-money, and to carry matters with a high hand.

Still, Mr. William's manner was far from that of one who wishes to pick a quarrel, or even to maintain a frigid isolation, as he rose and shook hands with Uncle Dean. This gentleman, whom circumstances had associated with horse-flesh, and whose tight fitting trousers and sporting scarf-pin had doubtless led the footman to that just conclusion, had certainly not been intended by nature for the saddle. He was upwards of six feet high, and of great weight, if there is any truth in the adage: "It is bone that weighs;" but, whether from the constant habit of physical "jockeying"—that leaning forward to hustle with the reins—or from that moral "jockeying" which requires an earthward vision and a close inspection of one's fellow-creatures, his back was bent into a bow, which, assisted by the quick, searching glance that he bestowed upon his nephew by marriage, made him look one huge note of interrogation. He had placed a deep band of crape round his hat, in token of his sorrow for the loss of their common relative; but his long waistcoat was bright yellow, his trousers green, his scarf a brilliant blue. Perhaps the poetry of his nature, forbidden an outlet through the usual channel, exhibited and expanded itself in colour, but certainly he was very highly tinted; nor was it his own fault, but Time's, that the hair which had been red was now quite gray.

"How are you, Dean? It was kind of you to come and look me up. I am only sorry that the house is full, so that I cannot ask you to take a bed."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Blackburn, don't mention it. I had no idea of sponging on you to that extent, I do assure you; but being in the neighbourhood, and wishing to hear about poor Bess"—

"That's a sad story, Dean," broke in the other hastily, "and I don't wish to talk about it. Take some wine—take some gin.—Here, what's your name? Bring this gentleman some gin and hot water.—That used to be your tippie, did it not?"

"Why, yes, and yours too, in the old days," said Mr. Dean slyly; "but there, I suppose with the run of the cellars of a place like this, you never touch anything worse than champagne and brandy. Dear, dear,

what a change it seems! Richardson and I were talking over it only the other evening."

"Richardson is an infernal scoundrel," observed Mr. William bluntly.

"Well, he does run a little near the wind at times, no doubt. But so we all do, for the matter of that, or *have done*, eh, Mr. Blackburn? As he was saying, only think of your being here a squire, and a magistrate, I suppose, and all the rest of it; sending poor folks to prison. Lor, what a game it is!"

"Yes, Mr. Dean, and it's a game that I have taken care shall not be spoiled by any man," said the other slowly. "I felt, of course, that I need never fear any molestation from *you*; but knowing what sort of a man Richardson was, and how like him it would be to hold over my head, as it were for the purpose of extorting money, that trouble I got into at Chester, I made up my mind, upon assuming my position here, to make a clean breast of it at once."

"You don't mean to tell me that all these fine folks about here know that you were in that horse-job, and got?" (Mr. Dean looked cautiously round the room, and the shining faces of the inlaid cabinets and gilded mirrors seemed to make him more cautious, for his voice sank to a whisper)—"got put into quod?"

"Yes, I do," said Mr. William boldly. "I don't say that the servants and village people have been told, but everybody with whom the knowledge of such a circumstance could do me harm was put into possession of it at once. Of course it did do me harm, but the worst is past, and the ground on which I stand at least is firm. — If you still doubt me," for the other wore a very incredulous look, "ask Mr. Herbert Stanhope, whom, I suppose, you know, and who is staying here at present."

As Uncle Dean sat rubbing his chin with his large hand, you might have thought that his face was made of india-rubber, and that he was pulling it out inches at a time, so obviously did it lengthen at these words. It was evident to him that the moral lever which he had brought with him to work upon his nephew-by-marriage would have no mechanical force.

"So Mr. Stanhope is with you, is he?" observed he slowly. "I know of more than one 'party' that would be glad to know where he was."

"Owes money, does he?"

"Money! He owes a fortune. *Gazeebo* must have cost him twenty or thirty thousand pounds at Goodwood; that is, he would have cost him, if he could have paid

it. The idea is that he has gone abroad for a time, and that when he comes back he will settle everything; and Sporting Dawlish sticks by him in that story. But, there, since Mr. Stanhope is a friend of yours, I'm mum.—What a fine room this is, Mr. Blackburn, and what a fine place! Lor, if my poor Bess could but rise out of her grave — What's the matter, sir?"

"Matter, man!" cried Mr. William, trembling violently — "did not I tell you not to talk about her, not to speak upon the subject? If she happened to be alive, I couldn't stop you; I am quite aware of that. You would have been coming over here a dozen times a year to borrow money of me, upon the score of our relationship. But, mark me! if ever I give you a farthing — and I don't say I will, mind — it must be upon the distinct understanding that you never breathe a word about — about your late niece.— The fact is," and here Mr. William began to whine and whimper, "you may believe it or not as you please, Dean, but I was not altogether a good husband to that poor girl; I was harsh and rough with her at times; and now she's gone, I can't bear to think about it."

"And she was a delicate creeter too," said Mr. Dean, shaking his head. Poor Bess had been really his own niece, and perhaps his conscience pricked him in that he had not been altogether a good uncle to her; or perhaps he only wished to exaggerate the case, as a question for damages. "As delicate a creeter as ever I saw."

"Just so," said Mr. William. "She died of a consumption, with which she had long been threatened, out in foreign parts. The whole matter is one with which all my people are well acquainted, but of which they do not speak, because they know it pains me. You will oblige me, therefore, Mr. Dean, by being silent also. There is nothing to be gained by speaking of it, either to me or any one else, you understand *that*, I suppose?"

Uncle Dean nodded assent; he had carefully gone over that idea, with an eye to business, and had been obliged to come to the conclusion, that no profit could be made out of a relationship that had become extinct. It had afforded him an excuse for his present visit (the real object of which had been precisely what his nephew had foreseen), and nothing more could reasonably be expected of it.

"Very well," said Mr. William. "You will distinctly bear in mind, then, that any present which I may think fit to make you now, or hereafter, is neither a tax nor a

due. I fear no menace, as you may tell that scoundrel Richardson, if you please — and I acknowledge no claim in respect of our late connection by marriage."

"I see that, sir, quite plain," answered Mr. Dean deferentially. "I am quite sure you have no call to help me with a shilling — though, if Bess had been alive, and knew that her poor uncle, who brought her up from childhood, was so devilish hard up as he is just now" —

"There, there; that will do, Mr. Dean: I was quite aware that we were coming to that at last. Well, I had a hundred pounds with your niece when I married her, and I don't say but that I may be induced to refund it to you, as her representative, upon a certain condition."

"I'll take my solemn oath, Mr. Blackburn, that I'll never speak of Bess again as long as I live, if *that* is what you want. Of course, if you're going to marry again (as I hear is the case), you don't want people to go tittle-tattling all over the county about your late wife and her humble station just now."

"Excuse me, Mr. Dean," said the other peremptorily, "you would seem to imply that your silence is of some material importance to me; whereas no word of yours respecting your late niece could affect my interest in the smallest degree. It is merely a question of sentiment. I have asked you, as a favour, to avoid in future all mention of a certain subject, though I do not deny that you may have hit upon my reason for so doing. The condition I would impose is something quite different. You say that you know more than one party to whom Mr. Herbert Stanhope owes large sums, and who would be glad to know of his whereabouts."

"Yes, Mr. Blackburn, I do; but I'll be mum as death for your sake — and in consideration of that hundred pounds you speak of."

"Be so good as to hear me out, Mr. Dean. You say that Mr. Stanhope owes in all twenty or thirty thousand pounds. How is it he has not been declared a defaulter?"

"Well, it's all Mr. Dawlish's doing, that is. He has the ear of some of our big men, and has persuaded them to wait; but there's others as I know of as have a matter of eleven thousand, or perhaps twelve thousand pounds in all, against Mr. Stanhope, and they're hungry enough, I can tell you. They have been told it will be better for them not to press matters; but that don't stay their stomachs, you see, and they would like to know what I know, most un-

common. It's so precious difficult, you see, to get hold of a chap abroad."

"Just so. I will write you a cheque for fifty pounds, Mr. Dean, upon the understanding that you tell them (not from me, of course, but as a piece of information you happen to have obtained) that Mr. Herbert Stanhope is staying *here*. Let them press him as hard as they please. Do you comprehend, man?"

"Very good, Mr. Blackburn; but" — Uncle Dean hesitated a moment, and it is possible that across his untutored mind there flitted some crude notion of violated hospitality — "I warn you that they'll make it very hot for him. Once they think they have been deceived, they'll be as eager as a pack of hounds who have been thrown off the scent, and suddenly find it breast-high. They'll be fit to tear him to pieces."

"Let them tear him," said Mr. William sullenly. "When you have set them on, but not before, I'll send you the cheque for the other fifty."

"You may consider that as good as done, Mr. Blackburn," said Uncle Dean, as he drained his glass and rose from his chair. "If you have no other commands for me, it is time that I should be off."

"As you please, Mr. Dean. This is a sick-house, or I should have been glad to offer you something more of hospitality. I have guests who, I do assure you, are less welcome. Perhaps, by the way, it will be well that you should see one of them, whose voice I can hear upon the terrace yonder, with your own eyes; you will not then need to speak from hearsay." Mr. William pointed to the window, and bidding the other to look out without being observed, asked him what he saw.

"I see a very pretty young woman, and a young man who has his back to me, but is evidently making himself most uncommon agreeable to her. I should say there was love in the case on one side, at the very least. — Now he turns; yes, that's my man, sure enough; and I confess I'm sorry for it, Mr. Blackburn; for Mr. Stanhope was ever an open-handed young gentleman so long as there was any" —

"Here is a cheque for the fifty," interrupted the other coolly. "And now I will shew you to your vehicle by the back way, since it's just as well our young friend yonder should not know to whom he is indebted for whatever happens. — Good-bye, Dean, and remember the sooner you set about your work the sooner you will get your pay. — Yes, yes," muttered Mr. William as he re-entered the house alone, "I'll put a spoke in Mr. Stanhope's wheel for

him: *twice* has he interfered in my affairs; so that I shall owe him one even when these hornets come about him."

He turned into the little room where he had left Mr. Waller; but that gentleman, as soon as he had got released from his companion, had inconspicuously fled. It was growing dusk, and solitude was so insupportable to the young Squire, that he hastened to join the pair upon the terrace, notwithstanding that they were the two individuals whom, of all the unloved world, he liked the least. But at the open Hall door he stopped, petrified with amazement at what he saw upon the terrace. As Uncle Dean had described it, there was indeed a young man making himself so very agreeable to a young woman that it seemed that love must be upon one side at least: he was leaning forward and speaking eloquently, if not passionately, into her very ear, while she, though shaking her fair head with gravity, by no means had the appearance of inflexible denial. He seemed rather to be excusing himself for some course of conduct which she was reprobating, yet not without holding out a hope of pardon. But what had turned Mr. William into stone, as though it were a Gorgon's head, and had also transformed his features into some likeness of a Gorgon, was this, that the object of these marked attentions of Mr. Herbert Stanhope was not Ellen, as of course her uncle had expected it to be, but Lucy Waller!

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### THE JOURNEY.

SURELY it is one of the most extravagant weaknesses of the human heart to set its affections on an object which does not reciprocate them; we may indeed love a child without our care and devotion being appreciated, or indeed any particular regard being shown to us in return; but in the case of a grown-up *woman*, how *can* a man be so foolish as to press his attentions where they are not desired, and where, therefore, they must needs be displeasing?

Although one would think that a very little self-conceit, or proper pride, would cause such a suitor to give up his quest at once, it is not usually a symptom of humility to persevere, but rather of a coarse and vehement will. Mr. William Blackburn, for instance, as we have seen, was by no means of Sir John Suckling's opinion:—

"If she be not fair to me,  
What care I how fair she be?"

but coveted Lucy all the more that she, on

her part, exhibited no sort of inclination for him. The scene he had witnessed on the terrace transported him for the time with rage, and laid up in his mind a third occasion of hatred against Herbert Stanhope, in comparison with which the two already garnered there were but slight. It was likely enough, indeed, that he might have been mistaken as to the cause of that gentleman's warmth of manner towards a young lady who had been his friend and neighbour from childhood, and, on the other hand, Lucy herself had manifested no corresponding emotion; but when was jealousy capable of reflection? Under the circumstances, it was wonderful that William Blackburn was able to conceal the anger that consumed him; but the fact was the spectacle he had witnessed was not altogether without its mitigation: he felt himself tolerably secure of Lucy, since her father's fortunes depended upon her consent; and he was not displeased, for a certain reason, to persuade himself that Stanhope was not personally devoted to Ellen. At all events, Mr. William's manner continued as urbane as we have observed it to be for the last four-and-twenty hours, and his inclination for society as strong; of this latter, the following was a curious example. Mr. Waller and his daughter had departed the next morning for Mosedale, upon the understanding that they should spend the ensuing day at the Fishery, and Mr. Stanhope accompanied them as far as Curlew Hall, where he had business to occupy him for a few hours; so that the Blackburn family were for once left to themselves.

"I suppose, Willy, you will take the mare over to the cottage?" said Mrs. Blackburn after her guests had departed. "You will have a charming ride across the moor."

"Why so?" inquired he sharply. "Why should I not drive with you?"

"Well, of course, my darling, we should be only too glad of your company; but then, you see, there is but room for two in the invalid carriage which takes your poor father."

"Then let Ellen go in that, and do you come with me in the brougham. We have never yet ridden in our own carriage together, you and I."

Mrs. Blackburn hesitated: perhaps it struck her, that if not now, she would probably never again drive with her Anthony, and that it was to him that her duty was first owed; but she gave way as usual, and the brougham was ordered accordingly. Only she did insist upon its following the other vehicle, in place of preceding

it. Her son, whose desire to get away from Redcombe seemed to grow stronger every hour, would have had it driven at a quicker rate, "so as," said he, "to be at the cottage beforehand, and get all things ready for the governor."

But his mother was firm in adhering to her own plan. "Everything is quite prepared there, Willy, and I will not consent to be separated from your father more than has been already done. Think if anything should happen to him on the way, and I were not close at hand, could I ever forgive myself?"

And so, not unlike a funeral procession, the invalid carriage, with its motionless occupant and Ellen, took the lead, while the brougham followed at the same slow pace. The villagers lined the little street in mournful silence. The short experience they had had of the old Squire's rule had been a favourable one, and they had every reason to expect less good at his successor's hands. As for the report of the estate having been left to Miss Ellen, they did not credit it: the Blackburn land had always gone from father to son. It was indeed a melancholy exodus. It was observed that Mr. William was very pale and awed, and exhibited much more feeling than he had been supposed to possess. Singular to say, this not only continued to be the case with him, but he even grew more serious as they proceeded on their journey. In vain his mother endeavoured to console him. "You must not give way so, dear Willy, although I am glad to see you so deeply touched. It is rather for me to weep, who must soon lose the friend and lover of fifty years yonder. The last time, yes, the very last that he and I journeyed together this way" — The poor lady could not finish the sentence; the memory of the past was too bitter to be shaped in speech: it was a fact that the last time she and Anthony had taken the Mosedale Road together was on their way to be married, when they were little more than boy and girl. There are probably but few old people, even of the most unsentimental sort, on whom at times some thought of this kind must not intrude, more affecting surely, than any grief which self-conscious youth imagines or supposes. Perhaps the springs of regret are as fast frozen in their case as those of passion. Heaven grant it may be so.

There was one consideration that certainly tended to Mrs. Blackburn's comfort — the universal sense of her husband's hopeless condition confined her own apprehensions to that channel, and removed her anxiety with respect to her son. If any

warning of approaching death had really been sent through her to the House of Blackburn, it must surely needs have relation to the poor Squire, whom all men thus regarded as a doomed and dying man. It was in continuation of this idea, so strong in its possession of her mind that she was probably ignorant of not having given it expression, that she suddenly whispered, as they drew near the termination of the moorland: "We are getting near the very place now, Willy." Her son had been leaning back with closed eyes, but he opened them at these words, and turned upon her a face of ghostly horror.

"Don't fear, Willie," said she, herself greatly alarmed at his appearance, inasmuch as he had hitherto affected to speak of the matter with contemptuous disbelief: "it is your poor father who has been sent for, if anybody, and not you, darling. I feel quite sure of that, except when you look so strange as you are doing now. — What on earth ails you, Willie?"

"Nothing, nothing," gasped he. — "Why don't they drive faster? They are stopping, I tell you. What do they see?"

"Stopping?" cried his mother: "then something has happened to Anthony; O dear! O dear!" and as the brougham pulled up, she opened the door and got out quickly.

"Stay here, stay with me," cried William wildly: "I will not be left alone."

But she was already out of hearing.

After all, the leading carriage had but stopped on the brow of the steep Redmoor hill to put the drag on; but Mrs. Blackburn seized the opportunity to look in upon the invalid. Was it her fancy, or had the passing through the air really revived him somewhat from that long lethargy, and even called up a tinge of colour in his pallid cheeks? Or was it possible that the scent of the fir-grove, or the sight of its gently-waving tops, had in his mind also awakened a reminiscence? Certainly his eyes welcomed his wife with a glance of ineffable tenderness, such as they had not shed for many a day.

"I think he would like you to get in and sit by his side, grandmother," whispered Ellen earnestly.

"I will, I will," replied she. "But do you take my place with Willy. Your uncle is not well, Ellen; look to him."

Her grandmother and she therefore changed places. It was the first time for weeks that Ellen had been left alone with her uncle, and she shrank from the idea of his rough companionship; but, to her astonishment, he seemed pleased to see her,

and scarcely to notice that she was his mother's substitute. She was about to explain why she had left the other carriage, but he interrupted her with incoherent words: "Quite right. Good girl, good girl. We are moving now. Faster, faster! Why do they linger? Let me hold your hand;" and he took her fingers in his own, and clasped them tight. "Are we down the hill yet? Have we passed the—the fir grove? Is the moorland out of sight?" For again he had closed his eyes, as though unwilling to look out upon the landscape.

"We are nearly down the hill, uncle," answered Ellen quietly, though in extreme surprise; "the moor is out of sight, and I can only just catch the top of the embankment of the reservoir. Now we are stopping once more to take the drag off. The valley lies open before us, and there is Mosedale Church spire." She went on talking, not for talking's sake, but with that desire which seizes us when alone with those with whom we are ill at ease, to avoid silence. "If is certainly warmer here than at Redcombe; it seems as if we were miles and miles away already. How green and summer-like are these fields and woods!"

"Ay, so they are. It looks quite different, as you say. The air is better too; I felt so oppressed just now—it was the warmth of the fir-grove, I suppose—that I could hardly breathe. Did I not look ill? Did I not say foolish things? I think I must have been half-fainting."

"You looked very pale, uncle, but seem much better now. As you say, the air is delightful, though it is surely not so fresh as on the moorland. Heaven grant it may do grandfather some good!"

"Just so: it's lovely. I think I'll just smoke a pipe. Tobacco always does me so much good. I'm deuced glad we have left Redcombe, for I think the place was beginning to disagree with me; at least I felt uncommonly pipped."

"It has been a sad house of late to all of us," sighed Ellen. "First, the tidings of poor Aunt Bess's death! What a kind heart she had, and how she loved you, uncle! I can scarcely picture to myself that she is really dead; and I sometimes think"—She hesitated.

"Think what?" interrupted William fiercely.

"Well, perhaps it's wrong, uncle; but I sometimes think that if she had been amongst us, and lived at home, and especially as we live now, no longer pinched and worried by poverty, she might have been

spared to us yet. Dear patient, loving Bess, I seem to see her now!"

"Don't be a fool," cried William angrily. "Why do you talk about a subject which you know I detest? That is, one that is naturally painful to me. You are worse than your grandmother; she is always talking about dying people, as if I could help the governor's being in such a bad way. Is it not enough to be with him all day, without coming down-stairs and telling other people all about it, so as to make their flesh creep?"

"You see, uncle, dear grandmother finds it hard to get poor grandfather out of her thoughts."

"So it seems, indeed. But that reminds me.—I daresay *you*, Miss Ellen, are not so entirely wrapped up in your grandfather's state of health (however much you may be interested by his *death*) as not sometimes to think of other things—such as marriage, for instance. There you are turning quite red, which is as good as a 'yes.' Well, I daresay you think yourself quite sure of your young man—that you have only got to whistle to him when you want him. But don't you be too sure; that's all I say."

Ellen was indeed blushing scarlet, but it was with contemptuous indignation at her uncle's words. She had for the moment forgotten the very existence of the person to whom he was alluding.

"I say," continued Mr. William, "you may be cut out by somebody whom you little suspect, if you are not civil to that fellow Stanhope—as civil as I am to Lucy, for instance."

"How can you talk of Lucy, uncle, in that way, cried Ellen passionately, "with dear Aunt Bess scarce cold in her grave?"

There was a long pause; the allusion was certainly not without its effect upon the widower; his face once more assumed a ghostly pallor, and even his lips turned white. Ellen began to think that she had given him too sharp a shock.

"Look here," said he huskily; "just mark me, once for all, you slut; you mind your own business. It is about your own affairs, not mine, that I am talking to you. You are not holding this man Stanhope tight enough in hand."

"Mr. Stanhope is nothing to me, uncle," said Ellen firmly.

"Ay, but he is, though; and he shall be too, at all events for the present. Don't you know what your grandfather wishes, miss, and ain't I here, as it were, in the place of your grandfather? You had better not make an enemy of me, I promise you."

He grasped her roughly by the wrist, and wore his ugliest look. "I am not going to be thwarted by any living soul. Do you hear *that*? If I think it well that you shall have this man, you *shall* have him; and if not, *not*. You are to hold him now fast, now loose, just as I tell you; or by Heaven! it will be the worse for you. You don't know me yet, or — Confound the wench,

if she has not fainted right off! I'm glad I've given her a fright, however; and here's the Curlew with plenty of water to bring her round."

The next minute they had crossed the bridge over the stream; and the Fishery with its little garden lay immediately before them — as fair a dwelling as was ever seen by river-side.

## VACCINATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—It is so seldom that the *Spectator* calls names instead of giving arguments, that the following words, being part of a sentence on vaccination, in your last issue, "dislike to vaccination always latent among the vulgar," struck me with considerable force. I enclose you a letter written by Professor Newman expressing his dislike to vaccination, and intention to join the Anti-Compulsory League. I do not suppose you will class him among the vulgar. I have been vulgar enough to be fined 20s. and 2s. costs in the Lambeth police-court, rather than suffer my child to run the risks of vaccination, and on the part of the "vulgar" generally, I beg to ask for arguments and facts that the decrease of small-pox is due to vaccination, and that vaccination does not increase the number of deaths from diseases of the chest and lungs, nor spread the nastiest disease on the face of the earth among innocent and healthy children, instead of the empty declamation usually supplied in their stead.—I am, Sir, &c., J. B.

"DEAR MR. FITMAN,—I have never in my heart or judgment approved of Compulsory Vaccination, but have thought that it belongs to medical men to judge in chief. But now that I understand (especially from an article in the new number of the *Westminster Review*) that a horrible virus is extending itself in the blood of the English people—from causes evidently rather guessed at than known—it is clearly possible that much of the evil is from vaccination. But the principle of vaccination itself, as a permanent regulation, is surely untenable. I saw a complaint of Florence Nightingale's lately, that people take for granted that children must have measles and other diseases. Those who think so do not try to avoid the causes, but to make the complaint more tolerable. This seems to me to put the finger on the weak spot of the doctors—alike of the body politic and of the individual body. Instead of saying, "There ought to be no poverty, no disease; our public regulations must never be allowed to cause it;" their sole question is—How to palliate it? Doctors in private practice are seldom to blame for this, for the patient generally comes to them far too late for prevention; but a doctor who aspires to legislate is eminently bound to avoid soothing the consciences of the well-to-do by assuming that evils are irremediable. In pressing on the Legislature compulsory vaccination, instead of pressing to remove all causes of smallpox they assume that smallpox does not spring out of removable causes. But to enact and enforce vaccination with something or other, when the legislature cannot enforce that the virus shall be pure

of its kind, is so indefensible, that it might seem a mere representation would lead to repeal, or lead Ministers to suspend the Act during inquiry. I must add my name to your Anti-Compulsory Vaccination League. I will send some subscription when opportunity offers.—Truly yours,

W. F. NEWMAN.

"1 Dover Place, Clifton, Bristol, July 7, 1899."

A STATUE, by the American sculptor, Mr. Story, in honour of the great American philanthropist, Mr. Peabody, was unveiled on Friday week, by the Prince of Wales, within the precincts of the Royal Exchange. The Prince, in performing this ceremony, referred to his own cordial reception in America nine years ago, and proposed the health of the United States' Minister, Mr. Motley, who made in reply a very finished little speech, a speech of finished sentences and sharply cut thoughts, of a type rather out of date, such as we do not very often now hear. "That fortunate as well as most generous of men," he said of Mr. Peabody, "has discovered a secret for which misers might sigh in vain—the art of keeping a great fortune for himself through all time. For I have often thought, in this connection, of that famous epitaph inscribed on the monument of an old Earl of Devonshire, commonly called the Good Earl of Devonshire, 'What I spent I had; what I saved I lost; what I gave away remains with me.'" Mr. Motley paid a high compliment to the statue as a work of art, and as a likeness, and congratulated us that "generations after generations yet unborn,—that long but I fear never ending procession of London poor,—will be about as familiar, in the future, with the face and features of their great benefactor as are those of us who have enjoyed his friendship in life." Mr. Story, the sculptor of the statue, when called upon for a speech, was still terser, though he could hardly be more to the point than Mr. Motley. He pointed to the statue, saying, "That is my speech." But Mr. Story can speak in language almost as well as he speaks in stone,—but in both alike it is perhaps only in the language of art—verse and sculpture.

Spectator.

From The Popular Science Review.  
IN ARTICULO MORTIS.

BY BENJAMIN W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

I HAVE recently read, in Hammond's *Journal of Psychological Science* for January of the present year, an essay of more than ordinary interest by Dr. La Roche, of Philadelphia, on the subject of the "Resumption of the Mental Faculties at the Approach of Death." The intention of the learned author of this essay is to show that, in cases where a sick person has for some hours or days been lying in delirium, he may speak with wisdom, with power of memory, it may be with pleasure, and yet speak thus as but a prelude to the death which quickly follows. The clearest evidence is given of this fact, and the frequency of occurrence of the phenomenon in the course of the acute fevers endemic in hot climates is forcibly dwelt on. In yellow fever the stage of inflammatory reaction continues, says La Roche, with little or no mitigation from some hours to two or three or more days — generally from sixty to seventy-two hours, and is succeeded by the state of remission (the metoptosis of Mosley or the stadium of Lining) without fever. The pulse loses its excitement, becomes almost natural or slower than in health, or rapid, feeble, and nearly imperceptible; the skin regains its natural temperature, then is colder and colder, and bedewed with cold perspiration; the pain of the head, back, and limbs disappears, or is greatly diminished. The redness and glistening appearances are no longer apparent, but the redness is replaced by a yellow tinge. These signs in the general course of the disease portend approaching death, yet they are accompanied with other signs marvellously singular: the wandering or violent delirium, the seeming insensibility, or deep sleep (coma), subside more or less completely. The patient, who some moments before raved like a maniac, or talked irrationally, or could not be aroused, regains his natural condition of mind; thinks, or endeavours to represent himself; converses rationally on all subjects; is cheerful; sits up in or gets out of bed; walks with a firm step; expresses an appetite for food and relishes what he takes; and, after enjoying this state of repose for some time, suddenly faints, or is seized with a convulsion, and expires.

Our learned narrator leads us from these facts, which with him are personal experiences, to teach us that all through the literary history of the science of medicine similar facts are recorded. Hippocrates is

adduced by him as telling of the symptoms of death in similar cases, and as closing his description with the observation that, "As to the state of the soul every sense becomes clear and pure, the intellect acute and the gnostic powers so prophetic that the patients can prognosticate to themselves in the first place their own departure from life, then what will afterwards take place to those present." After this the exquisite picture of the death of Pericles is conjured up from Plutarch, with true artistic skill, to sustain the argument. A plague, perchance a typhus raging and decimating the city of Athens, claims amongst its victims the famous soldier and statesman. The sufferer has in the earlier stage of his malady lucid intervals, and in one of these intervals he wakes up to find round his neck an amulet or charm the women had hung about him; he shows this to one of his friends, to convey that he is very sick indeed to admit of such foolery. Then the disease progressing, the delirium becomes more persistent, and is succeeded by a fit of lethargy, with other indications that death is near. And now, the end close at hand, the friends sitting around, treating him as one absent, speak of the greatness of his merit, reckon up and recount his actions, and the number of his victories; the nine trophies which, as their chief commander and conqueror of their enemies, he has set up for the honour of their city. But, while they thus speak, he has listened and understood, and waking up speaks to them; tells them he wondered that they should commend and take notice of things which were as much owing to fortune as to anything else, and had happened to many commanders, while at the same time they should not make mention of that which was the most excellent and greatest thing of all, that no Athenian, through his means, ever wore mourning. And soon after this he dies. Returning from his historical survey, our author, La Roche, comes once more to his own experiences of the phenomena of lucid interval in articulo mortis, after long terms of unconscious existence, and shows by the most convincing demonstration that even in inflammation of the coverings of the brain, associated with change in the brain substance itself, there may be lucidity of thought antecedently to and up to the moment of death.

The nature of the modifications which take place in the diseased organ, and which may account for a resumption of the mental functions after an interruption of some days, is discussed, speculated on well, and still left unsolved. I must not be tempted

to linger on so fertile a theme for my pen, but must proceed to that which, on the present occasion, is the task before me.

The perusal of La Roche's essay has recalled many observations I have made, and many thoughts that have crossed my mind, when, in the exercise of my useful, though often powerless, art, I have been obliged to see, with humiliated sense, the mastery of the last great enemy. Whether a brief description of certain of these observations and thoughts will, reduced to writing, be of service, I cannot predict; but in the unsurpassed and unsurpassable state of general ignorance on the subject, I feel if they do anything they can do nothing but good. They may tend to bring the phenomena of death before the mind of the world, as phenomena belonging strictly to the natural—phenomena which should quicken no mystery, gratify no credulity, inspire no false report of Nature and her works.

#### THE MIND AND DEATH.

In the first place I would remove, as far as is possible, the idea—offspring of superstition and grand-offspring of fear—that by the strict ordinance of nature death is mentally a painful or cruel process to those who are passing through it. I admit, as an obvious truth told every day to all of us by Nature herself, that in the details of her work she, Nature, is not always kind, not always—according to our sense of the word—beneficent; that in her one and grand intent of evolving an universal perfection there is no such special adaptation for advancement, that the advancement shall come with happiness ever by its side, or without pain or misery, to those who are to be perfected. At the same time in this matter of dying the Supreme Intelligence is to all forms of living thing beneficent. In animals inferior to man and less capable of defence, He has removed further than from man the foreknowledge and dread of death; so that at the *abattoir* animals after animals, seeing their fellows fall, go in turn to their fate without a shudder or a moment of resistant fear.

In regard to human kind the Supreme Wisdom has also confined the direct terror of actual death to or near to the moment of death. We find in poetry and sentiment displays of argument truly about life; about the value of life as individually cast in the man; about the dread of losing life, and the like. We find in *fact* that the poetry is misapplied romance, and the sentiment mistaken effort at philosophy. At a pinch, at desperate and sudden and unexpected conflict with death, most men of strong physi-

cal powers and strong will would give all they have for life; that is to say, all they have that could be regained by living; but beyond this there is not much actual and natural terror of death. For advancement towards perfection every individual man instinctively obeys the primary will of nature, and advances towards the object with no fear of death in his view. Thus there is little antecedent pain or mental suffering respecting the act of death; so little, that all the systematized use that is made of the terror to render it a moral subjugator has proved harmless; so little, that when we see in any man an undue fear of death—a fear which makes him brood over the grand event, and talk of it to all he meets, and shrink from it by anticipation, and take refuge from it behind straws—we treat him as an exception of an extreme kind to the rest of the world; politely dub him a hypochondriac, and invariably feel that his friends, who are his best keepers, represent him better than he represents himself.

At the worst, in the natural growth of mind, the period of existence in which the dread of death is developed intensely is a period embracing in the majority of persons the mere third of the term of existence. In the young the appreciation of the nature of the event is an act of learning from what is occurring around, and is an act not acquired quickly; so that, happily, the very young, in *articulo mortis*, have, as a rule, no more dread of death than of sleep. In the adolescent there is such rapid aggregation of force—call it life—that they think of death to the last as to them impossible. In the old, the dread which may have marked a transitional stage from prime strength to first weakness, the terror is allayed by lesser care for that which is, and by that curious mental process so persistent that it seems to proceed from beyond us, of bending the mind to the inevitable so gradually and so slowly that the progress towards the final result becomes endurable and even happy.

#### THE PHYSICAL DEATH BY NATURE.

If, by the strict ordinance of nature, death is not intended to be cruel or painful to the mind, so, by the same ordinance, it certainly is not intended to be cruel or physically painful to the body. The natural rule, the exceptions to which I will speak of in due time, is here clear enough; and it runs, as plainly as it can be written, that the natural man should know no more concerning his own death than his own birth. Born without the consciousness of suffering, and yet subjected at the time to

what in after life would be extreme suffering, he will die, if the perfect law be fulfilled in him, oblivious, in like manner, of all pain, mental or physical. At his entrance into the world, he sleeps into existence and awakens into knowledge; at his exit from the world, his physical cycle completed, he dozes into sleep and sleeps into death.

This purely painless, purely natural physical death, is the true euthanasia, and it is the business equally of the physician and of the priest to lead all men to this death as healthily, as happily, as serenely as can be. In respect to the physician, this is his business all in all; and, in regard to the priest, it is so far his business that, in proportion as his labours help towards the end, they help to the moralization of the world. For euthanasia, though it be open to every race and every nation to have and to hold, is not to be had by any nation that disobeys the laws on which true health, and its obedient follower true happiness, depend; while, to a nation that should obey the law, death would neither be a burthen nor a sorrow.

Despite all our efforts against her, even as the social state now is, nature will indeed still vindicate herself at times, and show us determinedly how she would, if she could, involve, fold imperceptibly, life in death; how, if the free will, with which she has armed us, often against herself, were brought into time and tune with her, she would give us the beauties and wonders of the universe for our portion, so long as the brain could receive and retain, the mind appreciate, and at last would wean us from the world by the most silent of ways, leading us to euthanasia. The true euthanasia (I have read it through all its stages ten times at the least) is, in its perfection, among the most wonderful of natural phenomena. The faculties of mind which have been intellectual, without pain, or anger, or sorrow, lose their way, retire, rest. Ideas of time and place are gradually lost; ambition ceases; repose is the one thing asked for, and sleep day by day gently and genially wiles away the hours. The wakings are short, painless, careless, happy; awakenings to a busy world; to hear sounds of children at play; to hear, just audibly, gentle voices offering aid and comfort; to talk a little on simple things, and by the merest weariness to be enticed once again into that soothing sleep, which, day by day, with more frequent repetition, overpowers all. At last, the intellectual man reduced to the instinctive, the consummation is desirable; and without pain or struggle, or knowledge of the coming event, the deep sleep that falls so often is the sleep

perpetual — euthanasia. This, I repeat, is the death by nature; and when mankind has learned the truth; when, as will be, the time shall come, "that there shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man who hath not filled his days," the act of death shall be as mercifully accomplished as any operation, which, on the living body steeped in deep oblivion, the modern surgeon painlessly performs.

#### EXCEPTIONS TO THE NATURAL DEATH.

In the natural order and course of the universe there are admitted, as I have said already, some exceptions from the process of the purely natural death. Unswerving in great designs, and at the same time foreseeing every detail of result, the supreme organizing mind has imposed on the living world his storms and tempests and earthquakes and lightnings, and all those great voices and sublime manifestations of his mighty power, which, in the infant days of the world, men saw or heard with servile fear. Thus has he exposed us to natural accidents, but so wisely that to those of the creation who are most exposed he gives a preponderance of number, so that during the forming from the first to the last stage, they shall not suffer ultimate loss by disproportion of mortality. Perchance, too, if we could discover the law, he has provided for such excess of life as shall meet every accident natural and human. Be this as it may, he has provided in respect to death by purely natural causes — causes I mean, coming direct from nature without the intervention of man; that, in the vast majority of such cases, the death, sudden, unexpected, inevitable, shall be painless also. As a rule, all forms of death by violence of nature are deaths from the influences of forces all-powerful. Lightning-stroke, sun-stroke, crash of matter, swift burial in great waters — these are the common acts of nature that kill. To the mind these acts present such grandeur of effect, they strike it with a sublime awe; but the body subjected to their fatal stroke is so killed, it hath not time to know or to feel. When we experience any sensation of pleasure or of pain, we have in truth to pass through three acts, each distinct and in succession. We have to receive the impression, and it has to be transmitted to the organ of the mind; here it has to be fixed or registered; lastly, the mind has to become aware that the impression is registered, which last act is in truth the conscious act. But for all these acts the element of time is required, and although the time seems to be almost inappreciable, it may be sufficient. Thus with respect to

lightning-stroke, if it strike the body to kill, it accomplishes its destruction so swiftly, the impression conveyed to the body is not registered, and therefore is not known or felt; the veritable death, the unconsciousness of existence, is the first and the last fact of the impression inflicted on the stricken organism. For illustration of this truth I have recently seen—in experiments on the discharge of the Leyden battery at the Polytechnic (the jars being placed in what is called a cascade)—animals struck so suddenly to death, that they retained in death the position of their last natural act of life. The same has been observed in the human subject after extreme violence of nature, as after lightning-stroke, and for evidence that there is truly no consciousness, in such examples we have another and decisive line of proof.

It sometimes happens that the shock of nature, though sufficient to suspend the consciousness and reduce to the lowest degree the physical powers, does still not kill outright, and that after some lapse of time the mechanical disturbance of the animal organic material ceases; that the molecules fall back into their natural form to reconstitute the natural fabric, and that with the gradual restoration of organic structure there is return of normal function and what is called recovery from simulated death. In time the organ of the mind, also restored, the old imagery of the past returns, and down to the moment preceding the accident the details registered and recognized are capable of recall, or in other words are remembered. But there the memory ceases; of the swift act that disturbed the matter of the body—not with sufficient force to overcome the attraction of cohesion which holds the parts together, in organic series, not with sufficient force to disorganize, but with sufficient force temporarily to modify the organic form required for function—no recollection remains. In a word, the conditions requisite for the production of an impression are at once destroyed by the vehemence of the impression.

I have taken this effect of lightning-stroke as the most ready and complete illustration of the truth, that what would seem at first a violent and painful death from a purely natural cause is absolutely a painless death. But the illustration may be extended further—may be extended to all the forms of natural violent death. In cases of temporary suspension of life from sunstroke and from severe mechanical injuries, the same phenomena have been observed. The facts of the injury have not been recorded; there

has been no period of conscious recognition of them; there has been no recognition of that act of consciousness which we call pain. Lastly, to those instances where the suspension of life has followed from what would seem the much slower process of sudden burial, removal from atmospheric air, as in drowning, the rule extends. In two examples of which I am able to speak from personal observation, and in which there was restoration after insensibility, produced by sudden immersion in water, the consciousness of all that occurred from and after the immersion was entirely lost. The same experience has been confirmed by, I think, I may say, all observers.

Thus of Nature it may be safely reported, without entering into longer detail, that when in the course of her determined, and, as it might seem, unrelenting action, she cannot except even men in their prime from death, she destroys so mightily that the sense of death is forbidden.

#### THE PHYSICAL DEATH BY MAN.

The spirit bestowed on man, freewill combined with the power to know and to do, to invent, and to imitate nature, places him sometimes in a position to avoid, without presumption, the true accidents of nature. The diversion of the lightning flash so that it shall not injure is a case, among a thousand, in proof of this fact. But this same spirit—this freewill, this super-essential force which acts through matter, and may be wrestled with and conquered by ordinary physical force, and yet defies interpretation—has power also to be destructive, which power it exerts, though with diminishing intensity as it advances towards perfection of knowledge, with the effect of producing far more misery than nature; nay, with the effect of thwarting nature in designs which, if carried out, would lead to the happiness, and the good of all. Thus, the totality of death at this moment is so lifted out of the order of nature by the spirit of freewill, that the world practically is a chamber of suicides. By want, by luxury, by pleasure, by care, by strife, by sloth, by labour, by indolence, by courage, by cowardice, by lust, by unnatural chastity, by ambition, by debasement, by generosity, by avarice, by pride, by servility, by love, by hate, and by all the hundred opposed and opposing passions in their excess, we die; I mean we kill. To these causes of death we add and mass up physical evils which, except in the case of fighting armies, destroy even more than the passions; evils which pass from the individual to the multitude, and in shape of vile pestilences sweep away, as

by selection, the strongest, the faintest, the youngest of the race.

Yet it happens in this totality of death, in this suicidal destruction, that death as an act is again not, on the whole, cruel or painful. In all the pestilences, and they include a large proportion of the fatal causes, the brain of the stricken usually loses its function long before dissolution, and to the sufferer the last act is a restless sleep. In these forms of disease, when there occurs that strange return to consciousness of which I spoke at the opening of this paper, there is no pain. Those who forebode their deaths are not wretched, and others, the greater part have imparted to them the hope of life, so that they converse as if nothing were amiss, and express that except for a sense of weakness they were well. In cases again of violent death from human causes, from great forces after the order of nature, from crush in collision of railway, crush in battle, the life this moment all action the next all rest, is extinguished without the consciousness of pain. In lingering death, in death from that disease which piles up our mortality, in consumption, painful as it is, terrible even from day to day to witness, not to say bear, the action of death, though it may be physically hard, is not usually cruel. Striking the young in whom the hope of life and belief in life is strong, consumption has for its victims those who accredit not its power, who live to their final hour in happy plannings of the future and die in the dream.

In the lingering and painful diseases of later life, in diseases we consider yet as hopeless, in diseases where the patient fore-knows the end — take cancer or broken heart as examples — death is to the sufferer not often an enemy, but a courted friend. The afflicted here, in case upon case, counts the hour of the release, assured and assuring that "death is better

than a bitter life, and everlasting rest than continual sickness; that good things poured on a mouth that is shut are as messes of meat set upon a grave."

I could extend this argument greatly by recalling those *in articulo mortis* whose reason has gone astray; I could, by explaining the phenomena of death in instances where the nervous function is primarily destroyed, strengthen the argument; but the effort is unnecessary. In the end, did I proceed to the end of the chapter of diseases, I should have only those, unhappily but few, who realize pain and cruelty in death from maintaining to the last full mental power in the midst of physical dissolution, or those who, "having peace in their possession," "whose ways are prosperous in all things," and who can "take meat," are forced in the loss and abandonment of selfish luxury, to give up all and die.

#### CONCLUSIONS.

I have based this essay on long and careful and truthful observation of the phenomena of death. I have written it for three distinct objects.

1. To declare that Nature, which is to us the visible manifestation of the Supreme Intelligence, is beneficent in the infliction of the act of death; that thwarted in her ways, she is still beneficent, and that she may be trusted by her children.

2. To declare the great law and intention of Nature, that in death there should be no suffering whatever.

3. To declare to men, that whatever there is in death of pain, of terror to the dying; of terror, of unsubsided sorrow to the living, is made pain, made terror, made sorrow; and that to attempt the removal of these is the noblest and holiest task the spirit of man can set itself to carry out and to perfect. It is to give euthanasia to the individual, millenium to the world.

From Macmillan's Magazine.  
LALAGE.

I COULD not keep my secret  
Any longer to myself;  
I wrote it in a song-book,  
And laid it on the shelf;  
It lay there many an idle day,  
'Twas covered soon with dust:  
I graved it on my sword-blade,  
'Twas eaten by the rust:  
I told it to the zephyr then,

He breathed it through the morning,  
The light leaves rustled in the breeze,  
My fond romances scorning:  
I told it to the running brook,  
With many a lover's notion,  
The gay waves laughed it down the stream,  
And flung it in the ocean.  
I told it to the raven sage,  
He croaked it to the starling:  
I told it to the nightingale;  
She sang it to my darling.

W. H. POLLOCK.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

WATTEAU, THE PAINTER OF FETES GALANTES.

It was said a long while ago, by the greatest and wisest of men, that there is "nothing new under the sun;" and however this fact may be disputed by the philosopher and the *savant*, the experience of everyday life proves the truth of the above axiom.

Each age is but a reproduction of the past; and in no way do we see this more exemplified than by the fashions and dresses of our women. A little time ago they were wearing the hoops and panniers of our grandmothers; then the scanty skirts and short waists of the Empire formed by no means a pleasing contrast to their previously voluminous robes; now they have gone back yet farther, and are rivalling the court of Louis XV. and Madame de Pompadour by their fantastic yet picturesque attire. Whether we shall ever recede farther still, and eventually arrive at the primitive paint and skins of our ancient forefathers, is a question for future generations to decide; but, in the mean time, it may not be uninteresting to learn a little of the origin of the fashions in which we array ourselves; and we cannot do this better than by studying the history of the painters of those times.

At the latter end of the reign of Louis XIV., when the Grand Monarque had grown old and sombre under the religious influence of Madame de Maintenon — when Paris was old and sombre like its king, and painting and the fine arts in a state of stagnation — there was born at Valenciennes, in the department of Sens, a child who was baptized by the name of "Antoine Watteau."

He was the son of a poor carpenter, and his birth is recorded in the register of the parish of St. Jacques, as follows: "Le 10ieme, Octobre 1684, fut baptisé Jean. Antoine, fils légitime de Jean Philippe Watteau et Michelle Landenois, sa femme. — Signé — le parin Jean Antoine Baiche, la mereme Anne Maillion."

No one who beheld the baby-boy, with his thoughtful, wondering eyes, sitting on his mother's lap beneath the shadow of the large trees in the boulevards at Valenciennes, or watched him later on joining in the childish games of his young companions, could foresee the brilliant genius that, comet-like, was to startle Paris with its splendour, and then disappear as strangely and mysteriously as it came.

But the years sped on, and the infant son of John and Michelle Watteau grew into a tall, dark-haired, dark-eyed lad, fond as

ever of watching the games of his playmates, and knowing no greater pleasure than when his hand clasped in that of his aged grandfather, they went together to see some of the grotesque acting of the charlatans, or the masked ballets which were constantly being performed in the public thoroughfares.

We can imagine the old man and the little child, bound together by that wondrous link that ever unites the old and the young trudging along to obtain good places. Perhaps a few sous might be expended in chairs, or at other times the boy would be lifted on his grandfather's shoulder, where, one arm clasped tightly round his neck, he would be a delighted spectator of the jugglery and burlesque that was going on.

We can fancy his silent astonishment, his sudden clutches of his grandfather's hand, his quick starts of pleasure, and then the rippling peals of laughter that would break from his lips as Harlequin or Scaramouche accomplished some absurd or ridiculous feat.

We can see them journeying homeward, the old man weary and tired, but the boy bounding and frolicking before him, prattling away of the wonderful sights he had seen, and asking if they were all "really true;" and then, when after supper he stole away to his little garret-bed, how he would lie awake thinking of all he had seen and heard, till slumber closed his heavy eyes, and he slept only to dream it all over again.

But the life of the carpenter's boy might not be spent amongst the trees and the flowers and the sunshine of fair Valenciennes; the time came when he was old enough to be apprenticed to a trade, and his father, who originally intended him for his own, placed him at last, when he was thirteen years old, with a house-decorator, who was a friend of the elder Watteau. Such a master, however, had little charm for the embryo painter, who loved to make his escape from the workshop whenever he could, and make rude sketches in Valenciennes and the adjacent country of those types of Bohemian life which Callot has immortalized. At other times he would sit for hours at his garret-window sketching the passers-by in their quaint costumes. No paper had he, but a volume of the lives of the saints, which his father fondly believed he was studying for the welfare of his soul: judge, therefore of the good man's horror, when, looking into it one day, he beheld its border covered with the caricatures of jugglers, market-girls and clowns, with which Master Anthony occupied his time. Such

things as these, added to his frequent escapades, were the cause of constant quarrels between young Watteau and his father, ending at first in a sound whipping, and then, when he grew older, in angry estrangement. The dull brain of the Flemish journeyman could not comprehend the genius of his gifted son. The tears and prayers of his mother failed to alter the wayward excitable youth. One day, after an unusually severe altercation, Anthony packed up his little wardrobe in a wallet, and started off by himself for Paris.

Yes, he would go to Paris; he would see for himself that wonderful capital of which he had heard so much, of whose beauties he had so often dreamed — that great city where genius was sure to be rewarded, where life was as gay as the sunlight and the flowers he loved so dearly. As he trudged along, what thoughts, what eager aspirations, filled the breast of the young painter; how he mused on the future that was certain to be his, of the glorious career that should open before him! How often, though weary and footsore, he paused to gaze in ecstatic admiration on some forest glade, some romantic waterfall, or stopped to sketch a group of peasants returning from their work, or villagers dancing gaily to the sound of the pipe and the tambour. Can we not imagine the kind-hearted Picardy peasants giving the young traveller a shelter at night, listening to his story, gazing with mingled awe and admiration on the rude sketches in which they often bore a part, refusing any payment for the draught of milk and a slice of bread and fruit that formed his frugal supper, and pouring forth their delighted thanks when, wishing him "God speed" in the morning, a rough portrait of Giles or Babette was forced on their acceptance?

At last the goal was reached, and Watteau stood in Paris, only to find, like our Dick Whittington, the streets were paved with anything but gold. The Parisians laughed and shrugged their shoulders when he told them of his ambitious hopes. They looked at his sketches and called them *très jolis*, but as for buying them they wanted nothing of the sort. Without help, without a patron, the young artist beheld all his fairy visions vanish into air, and misery and starvation stare him in the face.

At last a picture-dealer of the Pont de Notre Dame was struck with the talent evinced in some of his productions, and engaged him at the rate of three livres a week, breakfast included. His chief work here was to paint small pictures by the dozen, principally saints; and he did so

many of St. Nicholas, that he declared to his friend Gersaint "he knew him by heart, and could do him with his eyes shut!"

At this work he laboured for many years, till it galled upon his sensitive mind so much, that one day he threw his brush in a rage into the holy-water stoup, and left his master's house, as he had left his father's, to try his luck elsewhere.

During his residence with the picture-dealer, he formed the acquaintance of many young men of his own profession. Amongst them was Claude Gillot, who then had the direction of the decorations of the Opera, and who no sooner heard of Watteau's being at liberty than he hastened to secure him amongst his own staff.

Claude Gillot was not only a clever decorator, but he was also an engraver of paintings, and inventor of that particular style for which he is so celebrated. Whilst with him Watteau both studied and imbibed the taste for theatrical painting which afterwards distinguished him. It was in the Opera, in the temple of the dancing Thalia, that he found his models. Pantaloon, Harlequin, Mezzetin, Colombine furnished him with infinite resources for the kind of work in which he attained the first degree. To Gillot's influence and advice Watteau owed in a great measure the marvellous results afterwards produced. However, they did not live long together. A certain incompatibility of temper which each possessed, joined to a slight jealousy on Gillot's side, separated the friends; and Watteau went to live with Audran in the Luxembourg, where he received lessons and shared in the work.

While he was staying with Gillot he became acquainted with Mdlle. de Montagne, a beautiful ballet-girl, who sat as a model to him, and inspired him with the only real love he was ever known to have. But the dancing-girl was a flirt, and though she by no means objected to her fair form and features being immortalized by the impassioned young artist's brush, she was not proof against the richer lovers who set their gold coffers against the true heart of the poor and obscure painter.

While in the Luxembourg he studied chiefly the works of Rubens and Paul Veronese. The rich warm colouring of the one, united with the cold fresh tones of the other, produced the brilliant glowing tints which are so characteristic of Watteau.

The studios of Audran and Gillot were frequented by some of the most celebrated and richest amateurs of the day, one of whom, the Abbé de la Roque, purchased a picture of the young Watteau, and raised

him for ever from oblivion. From this time his fortune might be said to have been made, for two other great amateurs, M. de Jullienne, and the President Crozat, took him under their protection, and, his fame increasing, his pictures sold as soon as they were finished.

It was to the generous patronage of such men that the young students owed their future success. Possessed of great talent and ability, they were honourable members of the Academy; and not only infallible judges of rising genius, but by their influence helped it to conquer every difficulty. Their hotels their tables were open to their *protégés*, who were thus enabled not only to live well, but to get their works into the most magnificent collections of the age.

Of all Watteau's numerous patrons, M. de Jullienne, director of the Gobelins manufactories, and possessor of one of the choicest cabinets in Paris, was the most active and affectionate—ever ready with a kind encouraging word, a tender solicitude for the never-ceasing depression Watteau carried with him to the tomb; and he has raised an everlasting monument to the painter by engraving and publishing after his death a collection of his works. The Abbé Hasanger, canon of St. Germaine l'Auxerois, and M. Lefèvre, Intendant des Ménus Plaisirs, were also his devoted friends; but the dearest and best-beloved was Gersaint, to whom he unbosomed all his feelings, and in whose arms he died.

Watteau was now in the direct road to fame, and painted with an ease and facility that astonished all who saw him; but the restlessness of his disposition would not allow him to remain long quiet in the same place. He was a faithful imitator of Rubens, his favourite master, and copied with care all the works he could procure of this great painter. At last, tired of repeating the works of others, he determined to try his hand at an original of his own, and painted in his leisure hours the memorable "*Départ des Troupes*."

"When it was finished," says his friend Gersaint, "he showed it to Audran, and asked him his opinion of it. The Sieur Audran, a wise and able judge of everything that was good, was astounded at the merit he perceived in the painting; but from fear of losing a pupil who was so useful and from whose works he made such a large profit, he treated it slightly, and advised him not to waste his time in such fantastic paintings, lest he might lose his taste for better things. But Watteau was not to be duped; his determination to leave, joined to a desire to revisit Valenciennes, decided him,

and the pretext of seeing his mother, who was an invalid, furnished him with a just and reasonable excuse. But how could he go without money? In this dilemma he determined to show his picture to M. Sponde, a painter living in the same canton, who, in his turn, showed it to M. Sirois, my father-in-law, who purchased it on the spot for sixty livres. Watteau received the money and set off gaily for Valenciennes; like the ancient sage of Greece, he carried all his fortune with him, and certainly had never before been so rich. This was the origin of the friendship that existed between Watteau and my father-in-law, and continued till his death.

"My father-in-law was so pleased, that he begged him to paint him a companion picture, which he did, and sent it to him from Valenciennes. This is the second piece that Sieur Cochin engraved. It represented the halt of an army taken from life; he asked 200 livres for it, which was given him. These two pictures have always been considered the most beautiful things that ever came from his brush."

Notwithstanding his present success, Watteau had not yet found his real vocation; he returned to Paris, his mind imbued with the charming scenery through which he had passed, and was received with shouts of welcome by his friends; but that incessant desire of travelling which possessed him, and the wish to behold with his own eyes the country which was the birthplace and storehouse of his art, made him determined to go to Italy, and in order to do so he set about painting two pictures, by the sale of which he hoped to accomplish his desire. Having obtained permission to place them in the Louvre, in one of the halls that served as a passage for the academicians on meeting days, he waited modestly at the side till they passed through. The celebrated Delafosse perceived them first, and, surprised at their merit, asked who had done them. He was told "it was a young man who wished to go to Italy." Perceiving Watteau, he went up to him.

"My friend," said Delafosse, with all the frankness and good-nature of his character, "it is not the way of the Alps you want, but the way of the Academy. You ignore your talents; you know more than we, and you would honour the Academy."

Encouraged by the speech of this great man, Watteau determined to remain in Paris, and was received into the Academy under title of "*Painter of Fêtes Galantes*."

It was the "*Embarkation for the Isle of Cythera*" that gained him this honour. It is now in the Louvre. What can be more

graceful than the conception of this charming picture, in which Watteau has realized all our ideas of fairyland? A long file of young pilgrims, holding each other by the hand, form a dance terminating in the exquisitely ornamented boats, in which the Loves are the mariners. A swarm of other little Loves, like a crowd of butterflies flying about in the air, precede the travellers, and indicate to them the enchanted isle where presides the sovereign goddess of pleasure. But it must be said, to the praise of Watteau, modesty is never made to blush in the lively and gracious conceptions of this artist.

It would be useless to seek in the works of Watteau that elevated style in which the other masters portray so well the different passions of the soul. Watteau's characteristics are those of joy and pleasure. Affectation and coquetry are expressed in them to a remarkable degree. These are the impressions that flow naturally from the examination of the pictures of this master, whom we can call with truth the Grammont of painting. The style of Watteau belonged to the age in which he lived. He arrived young in Paris towards the end of a great and glorious reign, to which, by a sudden change, was to succeed the empire of folly, and where license was to exceed the extreme devotion that had previously reigned under the auspices of Madame de Maintenon. It was but natural that a painter whose imagination gave birth to voluptuous scenes should be favourably received by his contemporaries.

If it is true that each poet, each artist carries in his soul the divinity that inspires his works, Watteau's was no ideal beauty. His was not the majestic loveliness which shines in the draped virgins of Raphael, or renders chaste the Venuses of Titian or Correggio.

The muse of Watteau is the woman whom we love, with all her adorable perfections — and imperfections more adorable still; woman with all her seductions and coqueries, the daughter of Eve for whom the sons of Adam are eternally sacrificing their Eden. We behold them gliding down the shady alleys, leaning on the arms of their gallant lovers, their shimmering silken robes gleaming in the moonlight. We can almost hear the rustling of their trains, the soft murmur of their voices as they speak.

Watteau has painted the country beautifully. Whilst painting with truth and nature, he created a manner of his own; always preferring views of parks or delicious bowers to other scenes. Those gardens in which elegant architecture is surrounded by lovely foliage — where cascades, flowers,

trees, and graceful women form a picture of enchanting beauty — are his favourite studies.

Everything shows gay and sweet voluptuousness in the productions of Watteau. Here the scene is laid in a dark thicket, symbolical of mystery. A fountain, whose waters are as clear as crystal, sends forth an agreeable freshness. Everything is expressive of calm and repose in this delightful retreat. Sometimes, in the *fêtes champêtres*, they are dancing to the flute and tambourine, while groups of young people sit in graceful attitudes on the mossy banks. At other times it is a splendid saloon, where beauty disputes the palm with wit and talent. Mirrors, ornamented with garlands of flowers, repeat in a thousand ways the various groups of this brilliant assemblage.

Again the scene takes place in the open air. It is a delicious garden, where everything inspires thoughts of pleasure. Groups of young and elegantly-attired persons recline on grass softer than velvet. In the background are cascades, whose waters fall in showers of pearls into a vast basin. Dancing is going on at one side; on the other a fair girl is sitting on the swing, her lovers holding the ropes. Everything speaks of pleasure and delight. Watteau makes human life appear as a never-ending *bal masqué*, a perpetual spring, an eternal variation of the verb "to love."

In his pictures of the opera Watteau is equally charming and elegant. Every character bears a distinctive costume, every figure fits into its proper place. His draperies are arranged with taste, his designs true and correct; the attitudes of the figures true to nature, full of life and movement, without being forced. There is never any crowding of figures in his paintings.

One of the criticisms brought against Watteau is that he is too theatrical; that his men and women are from the stage, not from nature. But these critics forget that great skill is needed to draw costumes suitable to each character. As on the stage, every human passion is depicted, costume as well as manner must be in unison. At the time of the Regency everything was fantastic and frivolous; and Watteau has really written publicly the secret history of those times not only in his pictures, but also on ceilings, fans, and panels. He was the rage of the marquises, and the true journalist of painting. His costumes were copied by ladies of fashion; as may be seen in a letter from Madame de Grignan to Madame de Simiane, her daughter, in which she describes the toilette of Madame la Duchesse de Burgoyne, at whose *levée* she

had assisted, and which is an exact representation of the costumes of Watteau. There was the rich silk petticoat and upper skirt looped up and festooned with bows and flowers; the frills of lace, the rosettes on the shoes, the gloves, the fan, the powder, paint, and patches, and the thousand-and-one *minauderies* that the painter portrayed so well.

Watteau delighted in satins, brilliant stuffs, piquant adjustments, flowers, and ribbons; he possessed a great talent for describing various sorts of silks, especially the *chenie* or shaded materials.

Though Watteau's pictures are so full of gaiety and life, he himself was melancholy, wayward and reserved: the best portrait left of him is by his friend Gersaint.

Watteau, says his friend, was of middle stature and weak constitution; a restless and changeable character, obstinate in his ways, licentious in his tastes; impatient, timid; of a cold and embarrassed aspect with strangers; a true but difficult friend; misanthropical, discontented always with himself and others; unforgiving; profoundly sensitive and melancholy; but so changeable, that a sunny day or a sound of music would utterly alter him.

He spoke little, but well; he loved reading; and though so uneducated that he wrote with difficulty, was an excellent judge of works of art or the mind.

His face was angular, becoming each year thinner and more sorrowful; his forehead fine, covered with clusters of Louis-Quinze curls; his eyebrows arched; large restless black eyes, deeply sunk; long nose, and mournful mouth. His long slender fingers were generally concealed in his ample sleeves, and his arms crossed over his breast. He looked an old man at thirty: the cause of his unusual and abiding melancholy has been a disputed point; some attributing it to a disappointment in love, others to the natural results of an over-sensitive constitution. Whatever the cause, it helped to bring, in the flower of his age, this charming artist to the tomb, while his works resemble him in nothing but their short and brilliant career.

Watteau was of such a generous, unselfish disposition, that he nearly always thought himself over paid, and very frequently would not accept what was justly his due. One little incident will exemplify this. An Englishman who gave him fifty guineas for a picture was obliged to tear it out of his hands to prevent him effacing it, and even then Watteau pursued him into the street like a thief, begging him to take back his money.

One day a hairdresser made him a present of a beautiful wig, surrounded by long and naturally flowing curls. Watteau was struck with admiration at this *chef-d'œuvre* of art, and did not know how to repay the donor sufficiently for the marvellous gift. Without a thought he insisted on the man's taking two pictures that he had just finished, and then, fearing he had not paid enough, actually commenced a third, till his friends expostulated with him and reassured his troubled conscience. Time, which devours all, has made sad ravages on the works of Watteau before they have arrived at the age of maturity. They have for the most part gone black and wrinkled; which has been attributed to the drying oil he used to finish them quickly. He had a strange practice of commencing a lot of pictures at once, and then working at them alternately.

He spent money as freely as he used his brush, and his extravagance knew no bounds. Incapable of taking care of himself, without the least foresight, he resided alternately with his friends, and passed from the hotel de Caylus to the hotel Croyat, from the house of Gersaint to the Gobelins, carrying everywhere with him that inexorable melancholy which eventually killed him.

He was foolishly persuaded to try if English doctors and English air would do him good. In 1720 he came to England to consult Dr. Meade, for whom he painted two pictures; but the treacherous climate soon developed the incipient disease, and he returned to Paris in a deep consumption towards the end of that year.

His friends beheld with apprehension and dismay the state of exhaustion to which he was reduced. Oppressed by perpetual languor, he was only able to resume his studies at intervals; and then, irritated by the failure of the doctors to restore his shattered constitution, he employed his brush in finishing a series of satirical caricatures commenced in England, in which the faculty are burlesqued in every possible manner. Almost his last work was a representation of a sick man's being conducted to the tomb by his physicians, in which buffoonery is mingled with the grotesque.

"The state of weakness in which he lived," says his friend Gersaint, "made him fancy he was incommoding me by stopping in my house. After six months he begged me to find him a suitable residence elsewhere, and was never contented till I promised that I would." It was then that M. Lefèvre, *intendant des ménus*, took him to his charming residence at Nogent, situate in the midst of beautiful gardens, form-

ing an amphitheatre on the Marne. It was hoped that in the quietude and repose of this delicious retreat, and surrounded by everything affection could bestow—pure air, exquisite scenery, the companionship of dear and treasured friends—his life might be prolonged; but it was too late. As gently as the light fades out of the summer sky, Watteau faded away before the eyes of his sorrowing friends, breathing his last sigh on the 18th of July, 1721, in the arms of his beloved and despairing Gersaint.

A short time before his death Mademoiselle de Montagne, visited him, and reproached him with having killed himself with over-work.

"It is not that which has destroyed me," said Watteau to her; "it is my love for you."

But in reality he no longer cared. Life and life's pleasures were passing swiftly away from the view of the once impassioned painter, and his eyes were opening to the eternal beauty of that heavenly country where the flowers never die and the sunshine never fades.

Watteau died a Christian. One of his dearest friends, the Curé of Nogent, was always by his side, and for him he painted his last beautiful work—a "Christ upon the Cross"—into which he poured forth all his soul. This also must obtain pardon for him for his well-known exclamation at the moment of his death, at the sight of the coarse, ugly crucifix that the priest held up to his lips: "Otez ceci de devant mes yeux, cela fait pitié; est-il possible que l'on ait si mal accommodé mon Maître?"

So perished, at the early age of thirty-seven, six years only after the death of "le Grand Roi," the sweetest, the pleasantest, the most charming painter of the French school. He had his faults; but he has been unjustly condemned for some which never existed. Never an immoral picture or suggestive scene soiled his brush. His style was pure; a style of love and gallantry, it is true; but nevertheless free from any idea of licentiousness in a most licentious age.

Many of the impure paintings of Pater and Lancret (his pupils), Boucher, Fragonard, and other contemporaries and protégés of Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry, have been attributed to him; but not a single immodest subject can be found amongst his works, though he painted, on the other hand, a great many religious pictures.

A "Holy Family," of his is now in the museum of the Hermitage; he also painted

a "Penitent Monk," a scene in the story of Tobias, and many others. Some of his pictures are to be found in the King's Museum at Madrid, some in the Dresden Gallery, a few in St. Petersburg; England bought most; while France possesses only one, "Le Départ pour Cythère," now in the Louvre.

From the gallery of Cardinal Fesch at Rome, in 1844, two superb paintings—"Le Rendezvous de Chasse" and "Les Amusements Champêtres"—were sold for 29,350 francs. They passed into the collection of the Count de Morny, and now belong to the Marquis of Hertford. One, considered the finest, was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition of Art.

The "Fêtes Vénétiennes" was sold at the sale of M. de Julienne for 2615 livres. At the sale of Blondel de Gagny, 1776, the "Champs Elysées" fetched 6503 livres. The ravishing little picture entitled "The Two Cousins" was sold in 1857, at the sale of Théodore Patureau, for 55,000 francs.

Watteau left 563 engravings; his drawings are most often in red pencil. He never signed his paintings; the only signature of Watteau is at the foot of the *procès-verbal*, on the day of his reception to the Academy, 28th August, 1717. Whether from caprice or indifference, he spells it "Vateau."

The remains of Watteau were laid in the church at Nogent; but during the Revolution the sacred edifice was desecrated, the monuments thrown down, the ashes of the dead interred without ceremony in the cemetery that surrounded the building, and every available piece of brass or metal used in the making of projectiles for the war.

It was only a few years ago, that, under the patronage of an illustrious and gracious artiste (the Imperial Princess Mathilde), a commission was formed of gentlemen of fame and talent, who decided to raise a monument to Watteau on the spot where he is laid. There, a little in front of the church at Nogent, beneath the shadow of the grand old trees whose waving he so loved to watch in calm and holy silence, stands the graceful mausoleum of the painter of "*Fêtes Galantes*." To the fine street that leads to the church they gave the name of Watteau. It is built exactly on the spot where stood the ruins of the famous castle of Beauté-sur-Marne, where Charles V. died, and which gave to Agnes Sorel, the frail mistress of Charles VII. her title of Lady of Beauty.

Could the soul of the painter return to earth and revisit his former haunts, he would find, indeed, the places changed, but the wo-

men and their dresses and their manners the same that he so delighted to portray. Like the sleeping beauty in the fairy tale, they too would appear to have slumbered through the intermediate ages, and awakened now to take their places in the gardens of the Tuileries, or under the trees in Hyde-park, exactly the same as they did two centuries ago. There are the same rich silks, the quaint fantastic costumes, the profusion of bows, of flowers, of powder, — shall we say — of paint? The charming Greuse faces, the fascinating manners, the seductions, the coquetties, are all the same. But who amongst this gay assemblage, as she trails her sweeping, shimmering robes beneath the dim, arcades, or trips in the piquant toilette of a Louis-XV. shepherdess by the side of the sparkling waters, dreams of the young and gifted artist who created for her the costume which is her pride, and who is lying now — his wild, passionate heart at rest forever — under the willows and cypresses of Nogent-sur-Marne?

From The Newport News.  
INSTINCT IN INSECTS.

I WAS walking through my garden before breakfast one morning, the past week, when my attention was attracted by the unusual appearance of a snake, (a species of the adder), which was lying dead upon one of the flower borders. The snake measured quite two feet in length, and was as thick through as my thumb at the largest part. It was extended in an almost straight line, and I observed that it had been severed in two pieces, (probably by a spade in the hands of one of the laborers.)

But what immediately arrested my walk, and induced me to examine the object more closely, was that I could distinctly perceive in the prostrate body a singular movement. Within a few moments, while I remained looking at it, it had slowly raised itself at the centre, so as to form a complete arch, then as gradually subsided to its originally straight position, but propelled by the action nearly three inches in advance.

This motion, so extraordinary in a *dead snake*, awakened my curiosity to discover the force which was being exerted upon it, when I observed two small beetles, of a kind I was not familiar with, lying upon their backs beneath the serpent's head and ingeniously pushing with their legs the animal extended above them.

The beetles were each scarcely more than

an inch in length, their color a glossy black, variagated with small spots of an orange color, and their heads and tails approaching nearly to a point.

The little fellows had evidently taken possession of the reptile with a purpose of conveying it to their hole, but as their size was so ridiculously disproportioned to that of their dead prize, I was determined to study their manœuvres, to see if they would be able to accomplish it.

On an examination of the ground in the neighborhood, I discovered, at a distance of nearly a yard from the spot where the snake was lying, a small hole in the soil, nearly the diameter of a half dollar. The hole which had been carefully rounded at the edges, had a heap of broken earth piled in front of it, and opened obliquely from a slightly rising mound.

The efforts of the beetles were apparently being directed to the conveyance of the tail of the reptile to this opening in the ground, and as it was evidently an awkward thing to do, their ingenuity was taxed to the utmost, and I watched the operation with an absorbing interest.

After a vigorous tugging at the animal's tail, which had become slightly stiffened, and which responding to their efforts would move to the right and to the left, but never placing itself *directly* in front of the aperture, the beetles would appear to be perplexed how next to proceed. They continued, however, to act in concert, and after working for a while at one extremity, they would uniformly proceed together towards the other, and lying upon their backs beneath the head, they would, with their united legs, re-commence their vigorous *pushing process*, and so effectively, that in the space of ten or fifteen minutes they had moved the snake's body two or three feet from its original position, but still the *tail* persistently refused to enter the hole.

Suddenly the labor ceased altogether, the two little beetles entered their hole, and I began to conclude that they had at last found their prey too ponderous for them to manage. My interest, nevertheless, was so much excited, that I could not leave the spot and I continued to watch, almost certain that they would re-appear.

At length I thought I saw a breaking of the earth at a place directly opposite the point where the serpent's tail rested. And almost immediately the two Beetles issued from a *second hole*, which they had been preparing. They forthwith seized the end of the serpent's tail, and by a determined effort, lying upon their backs, in the manner before described, they succeeded in

forcing its point to enter this *new* orifice in the ground, and then going themselves inside of it, I could distinctly see the whole body of the snake move slowly forward, as if it were being *pulled* by their united efforts.

The beetles worked at the snake much of the day, and in the afternoon, when I was able to visit the spot again, I observed that nearly three quarters of the dead snake had disappeared in the hole; but the movement had become very quiet, and I imagined that the cut in the snake's body had prevented any more of it from being drawn down.

The beetles, however, were at their work, for while I was looking they emerged from the hole, one of them propelling behind him (he came up backwards) a huge pile of earth, and the second having his back loaded with a mass of fragments, and thus they continued to labor for nearly an hour, the snake meanwhile having nearly three inches of its body still exposed.

It was approaching sunset, and I was examining carefully the earth in the vicinity of the head of the snake, (for the beetles

had not made their appearance for twenty minutes), when I was witness of the most interesting operation of this altogether singular proceeding.

I thought I detected a slightly undulating motion in the broken loam. It continued to increase until the entire surface for a length of three inches, extending parallel with the serpent's head and neck, appeared to be elevated into a little mound. The mound gradually increased in height until the entire mass of earth was slowly lifted and then precipitated upon the portion of the body which had until then remained uncovered, and in a second's time, the snake was as effectually buried as if it had been sunk a foot below the surface.

The little beetles, emerging from the heap, walked backward and forward, over the mound, and then disappeared entirely from sight.

I examined the spot the following morning, but could not detect, even by removing a portion of the earth, the place where the snake had been buried the evening previous.

H.

#### "DISHED IN THE SHELL."

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, in his Newcastle address, tells us, in plain terms, that the Attack has very decidedly beaten the Defence. In other words, guns have got the better of armour.

Plate we never so thickly, shots will find their way into ships. As we can't *keep* the shots out, the next best thing, Sir William suggests, is to *let* the shots out, when they have got in, and to build our vessels of iron so thin that the bolt or shell which makes its entrance at one side will make its exit at the other, without leaving a between-decks full of death-dealing splinters behind it, as would certainly be the case with the five-foot thick hulls of the present fashion.

It is the old story over again — the *reductio ad absurdum* of defensive armour on ships at sea, which we arrived at, generations ago, in the case of soldiers ashore. We have gone on adding plate to plate, till our ships can neither sail nor manoeuvre, just as our ancestors went on loading the man-at-arms with steel casing after casing, till he could neither stand nor go; till, if he was once knocked over, it was as impossible for him to get up again, as it would be for a modern iron-clad of the last thickness to keep afloat, when once a shot or a ram had knocked a hole in her between wind and water.

"Down among the dead men" would be the song for ship, so struck, now, as it was once for knight, so bowled off his legs. We are glad Sir William has come to this common sense conclusion at last. *Punch* came to it long ago. The Admiralty, let us hope, will follow, as it usually follows a good lead, *longo intervallo*.

*Punch.*

THERE are no words in the English language used so confusedly one for the other, as the words *rule* and *principle*. You constantly see or hear the word *principle* used when it is only a rule that is in question.

The attendant verbs show the difference between the substantives *rule* and *principle*. You can make a rule; you cannot make a principle: you can lay down a rule; you cannot, properly speaking, lay down a principle. It is laid down for you. You can establish a rule; you cannot, properly speaking, establish a principle. You can only declare it. Rules are within your power; principles are not. Yet the mass of mankind use the words as if they had exactly similar meanings, and choose one or the other, as may best suit the rhythm of the sentence.

Arthur Helps.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
"L'HOMME QUI RIT."\*

Of all the mad books ever written by a man of genius "L'Homme qui Rit" appears to us to be the maddest. The incipient insanity which might be observed in "Notre Dame de Paris," and which in that work might be described as the extravagance of genius, began to run to seed in "Les Misérables," became far worse in the "Travailleurs de la Mer," and has gone almost as far as it can go in "L'Homme qui Rit."

For the benefit of such of our readers as have not read the book we will tell the story which is made to fill four volumes and upwards of 1,400 pages. In January, 1690, a gang of "comprachicos," or child-stealers, whose trade it was to steal and disfigure children, in order to turn them into dwarfs or monsters for the amusement of a vicious aristocracy, went to sea from the Isle of Portland, having previously landed a disfigured child there to perish in the cold or break his neck over the rocks. The boat sank in a storm somewhere near the Channel Islands with all hands, but not before one of the party, who united science to villainy, had signed and caused his companions to sign a parchment which he enclosed in a bottle and threw into the sea. The child in the meantime found his way across the isle of Portland and along the Chesil Bank (or, as M. Hugo calls it, Chess Hill) to Weymouth. On his road he met a gibbet, which, as well as the body upon it, is described with a characteristically disgusting minuteness, and picked up a blind baby whose mother had been frozen to death. When the boy and the baby got to Weymouth they were taken in by a philosophical mountebank, who called himself Ursus, kept a wolf which he called Homo, and travelled about the country in a caravan, on which were inscribed, amongst other things, a number of particulars about the nobility of the period, for which M. Hugo must have been indebted much more to his own lively imagination than to any authentic sources of information. This is the substance of the first volume, which is filled out with minute accounts of the storm, the shipwreck, the gibbet, the reflections of Ursus, and his accounts of the houses, &c., of the aristocracy which might just as well have been made twice as long as they are.

The second volume introduces another set of characters. Lord Linneus Clancharlie was a very great and wonderful peer

indeed. He had a palace at Clancharlie, "built in 914 by Edward the Elder" (the son of Alfred), and estates worth £40,000 a year, including a palace in London, another at Windsor, eight "chatellenies," whatever they may be, a wonderful well at "Hell Kerters," and nineteen towns and villages "avec baillies," which may, perhaps, mean stewards of manors. Having taken the Republican side of the question under Cromwell, he had retired to Switzerland, and his estates had been sequestrated. Before his retirement he had an illegitimate son by a woman who afterwards became the mistress of Charles II. When James II. succeeded his brother he gave the young man leave "to call himself Lord David Dirry-Moir, from a lordship which his mother, who had just died, had left him in that great Scotch forest where is found the bird krag which hollows out its nest with its beaks in the trunks of oaks." Old Lord Linneus Clancharlie died about the time of James II.'s accession, having before he died had a legitimate son by Miss Bradshaw, "the daughter of a regicide" — an expression which looks as if M. Hugo did not know or did not expect his readers to know who Bradshaw was, or what was his share in the greatest tragedy of his day. These facts, however, were more or less disputed in England, and "le roi Jacques mit fin à ces rumeurs, en déclarant un beau matin Lord David Dirry-Moir unique et définitif héritier à défaut d'enfant légitime, et par le bon plaisir royal, de Lord Linneus Clancharlie, son père naturel, l'absence de toute autre filiation et descendance étant constatée, de quoi, les patentes furent enregistrées en chambre des lords." Lord David was by the same patent to have all the "titles, rights, and prerogatives" of his natural father, on condition that when she was of a proper age he would marry an illegitimate daughter of James's, called the Duchess Josiane. In the meantime all the Clancharlie estates were to go to the duchess.

The greater part of the second volume is taken up with a description of the relations of Lord David and the Duchess Josiane. Lord David was a member of all the clubs of the period, and a patron of all the popular amusements, more particularly prize-fighting. He took Josiane on one occasion to see a fight between a small Scotchman, called Helmsgail, and a big Irishman, Phelim-ghe-madone, who, it appears, in 1705, anticipated and exaggerated the performances of Tom Sayers and the Benicia Boy. The lady greatly enjoyed the sight, but expressed her regret that it did not

\* "L'Homme qui Rit." (Par Victor Hugo.) Paris: Librairie Internationale. 1869.)

amuse her quite enough. Whereupon her lover takes her to see Gwynplaine—"l'homme qui rit"—a famous clown performing at a strolling caravan in Southwark. Gwynplaine turns out to be the boy who had been taken in by Ursus. He, as well as the baby whom he had saved (Dea), had grown up in the interval between the two volumes. As his mouth, gums, and nose had been carved by one of the comprachicos into a hideous eternal grin, he had naturally made the fortune of his friend Ursus by his acting as a clown. Dea, too, had grown up into a beautiful girl, and had fallen in love with Gwynplaine on account of his goodness, and notwithstanding the deformity, which she could not see. Gwynplaine's exquisite hideousness piques the curiosity of Josiane, whose character is not improperly summed up by Mr. Swinburne, in an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, as that of a "virgin harlot;" in other words, she is a woman of the foulest disposition, whose vice stagnates in her own mind. She is just the sort of character to elevate Mr. Swinburne into one of those disgusting ecstasies which distinguish him from all other living English writers; and he accordingly gloats over her after a fashion which must be read to be appreciated. Our own opinion is that the scenes into which Josiane is introduced are as needlessly and inexcusably filthy as Mr. Swinburne's remarks upon them. They have, moreover, very little to do with the story, and might have been struck out without injuring it.

Whilst Gwynplaine is fascinating Josiane, a certain subordinate villain who bears the well-known English name of Barkilphedro, and who has a place worth 100 guineas a year at the Admiralty, the duty of which consists in opening bottles thrown up by the sea, discovers and opens the bottle which the wicked comprachicos threw into the Channel before they sank. M. Hugo, in connection with this, gives us a dissertation upon flotsam, jetsam, and lagan, which of course is all wrong, though it looks learned. Shortly afterwards, whilst Gwynplaine, Dea, and Ursus were sitting together drinking tea for breakfast (a curious circumstance in 1705), to them entered "le wapentake." Le Wapentake, our readers will be glad to learn, was an officer of the utmost importance in the administration of English criminal justice at the time in question. He was armed with an "iron weapon," whence his name. He was "an officer terrible." When he touched any one with his iron weapon the poor wretch had instantly to follow him under pain of death, and in absolute silence. The wa-

pentake and his iron weapon, assisted by a "justicier quorum," march off Gwynplaine into a torture cellar under the gaol of Southwark. There he finds a man being pressed to death in the presence of the sheriff of Surrey and by his authority, the object being to extort evidence from him. After more than three days' pressure the unlucky prisoner gives way, and, being questioned by the sheriff, identifies Gwynplaine as the child who had been deserted at Portland, and as the person affirmed by the parchment enclosed in the bottle to be the legitimate son of Lord Linneus Clancharlie. Hereupon Gwynplaine is instantly, the very next day, declared by the Lord Chancellor to be Lord Clancharlie, put into possession of his fortune, and introduced into the House of Lords, where he takes his seat and opposes a bill for giving Prince George of Denmark an extra £100,000 a year. The bill is opposed in a speech composed of epigrams about the rich and the poor, and misery, and the infinite, and "Dieu,"—after the manner in which all M. Hugo's characters always talk on every possible occasion. In the meantime, Ursus and Dea are packed off to Holland by legal processes which we have no time to describe, though they deserve description, and they embark on a Dutch ship in the Thames in great grief about Gwynplaine, whom they suppose to have been put to death by the wapentake and the justicier quorum. Gwynplaine breaks away from his grandeur after making his speech, goes to look for his old friends, and is guided to the ship by the wolf. When he gets there Dea dies of joy at his return, and he drowns himself, with which the book ends.

Of the manner in which it is written it is needless to say anything. M. Hugo's style is as well known and as peculiar as Mr. Carlyle's, and it would be superfluous to describe it. We all know the shadowy way in which a witches' Sabbath of neuter adjectives, such as the immense groaning of the infinite and the condensation of the inexpressible, rattle about in his pages like so many peas in a bladder, an occasional spice of "Dieu," or a touch of indecency, being at times thrown in to give the mixture a flavour. M. Hugo happens to like that way of writing, and, as an eminent man, is entitled to gratify his taste. Apart, however, from the question of style and taste, there is the question of the object with which the book is written; for, like all M. Hugo's books, it has an object. The object is to show what a hateful place England was in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and in particular what a hateful

institution the English aristocracy was. The book, in short, is a bitter attack upon the England of 1705, conceived and carried out much in the spirit in which the same author made his attack upon capital punishments in "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné." With regard to this we affirm that the book discloses a kind and degree of ignorance of the whole subject upon which it is written which utterly disqualifies its author from expressing any opinion at all about it. No one, of course, expects in a novelist the minute special knowledge which is required of a historian or of a professional man, but if people will undertake to criticize the history and institutions of a great nation they ought to have a moderately correct notion of their general character and outline. For instance, it would surely be a fault in art to make trial by jury prevail in France in the seventeenth century, or to speak of the Parliament of Paris as a representative institution in which bills were passed for the government of the whole of France. If blunders like these were accompanied with an enormous display of erudition, if the writer affected to know in minute detail the genealogy of every member of the French noblesse, and the details of the duties of every officer about the Court, the fault would surely be aggravated. Now this is a fair representation of what M. Hugo has done. He combines gross ignorance of elementary facts about England with an affectation of minute special knowledge of all sorts of English institutions of which he knows nothing whatever.

The whole history about Lord Clancharlie, his estate, the way in which James II. dealt with it, and the way in which Anne and her Chancellor are said to have substituted the true lord for his half-brother and the Duchess Josiane, is not merely technically incorrect, but is wildly impossible. No King of England ever dared to interfere with the ordinary course of law by issuing patents changing the course of inheritance in particular cases; and to suppose that a man like Lord Cowper would have first collected evidence as to the identity of a particular person by torture in secret, and would then upon the strength of the conclusion drawn from that evidence by the sheriff of Surrey, of all people in the world, have turned a mountebank into a peer, and put him in possession of estates worth £40,000 a year in the course of twenty-four hours, is nonsense as extravagant as it would be to attribute such conduct to Lord Hatherley or Lord Cairns.

A man who knew anything whatever about it might have found plenty of authentic ma-

terials for picturesque and telling attacks upon the institutions of those times. The criminal law in particular was full of grotesque iniquities, and was frequently made the engine of terrible oppression. What, for instance, could well be more picturesque than the whole history of the trial of Spencer Cowper, the brother of the very Lord Chancellor to whom M. Hugo refers, for the murder of Sarah Stout? The iniquity of not allowing counsel to the accused, the inability of Quakers to give evidence, the strange proceeding called an "appeal of murder," which was abolished in living memory, and the discreditable devices by which the proceedings in it could be hampered by a powerful defendant, are all illustrated by this famous case, and would, without the least exaggeration or misrepresentation, have furnished infinitely better materials for fiction than the bombastic rubbish which M. Hugo must have invented out of his own head about the sheriff of Surrey, "le waptake," and his iron weapon. If he had said that the parish of Kensington was in the habit of parading Hyde Park with a revolver in his hand and drowning all beggars in the Serpentine, he would not have talked greater nonsense. In the same way the "peine forte et dure" (which, by the way, was abolished in 1772, instead of being now legally possible, as M. Hugo supposes) was a barbarous and disgusting practice, but it was never used as a means of collecting evidence. Its purpose was to compel prisoners to plead guilty or not guilty, and the reason why people sometimes submitted to it was that if a man died under it he avoided escheat and forfeiture. To put it on a level with the question as administered in certain cases in France is to show ignorance not only of the particular fact, but of the general spirit of English institutions, and of the sort of charges to which they are justly liable.

The most curious thing about M. Hugo's ignorance, however, is its extraordinary audacity. He makes most minute and circumstantial statements about matters of which he knows absolutely nothing, except a few phrases, and that with an air which would lead people to believe that he had made a special study of the subject on which he wrote. We will give a single instance of this. The following learned account of sheriffs and their functions is given in vol. iii., pp. 187-9. We give in parallel columns M. Hugo's words, and the facts as they are:—

[The *Living Age* does not copy this somewhat tedious exposition.]

Of course it would be absurd to complain

of M. Hugo for not knowing much about sheriffs; but when he professes to know all about them, and makes five gross blunders about their functions in two small pages, his readers have a right to complain. It is very easy to write a novel without going into detail about sheriffs; so that there is really no excuse for volunteering a mass of nonsense about them. There is a scene even more grotesque than that in which "le wapentake" figures. It represents Ursus as being convened before a sort of inquisition, composed of a divine, a lawyer, and a doctor, who questions him as to his heresies after a fashion which, to the contemporaries of Tillotson and Somers, and the second generation of fellows of the Royal Society, would have appeared quite as monstrous as it does to M. Hugo. Besides, as a matter of fact, no tribunal of the sort existed at the time in question.

Apart, however, from these matters, the whole view taken by M. Hugo of English history in general and of the eighteenth century in particular is perfectly puerile. He believes that the House of Lords had always been the great governing body of the coun-

try, and he represents the England of that day as a country of paupers ground down to abject misery by a small aristocracy. Surely this is to show gross ignorance. It was a very rough age in some ways, but we greatly doubt whether there was anything like such a contrast between the extremes of wealth and poverty as at present. Evils there were, no doubt, but they were not the evils of oppression. The notion that in London in the eighteenth century a peace officer, even if he had been called a "wapentake," and had carried an iron weapon, would have been allowed to arrest a man without warrant and without assigning any cause at all, and that the least hesitation about obeying his summons would have been punished with death, is simply monstrous. A "wapentake" so behaving himself would have been kicked into the gutter, and the courts of law would have said that it served him right. There was abundance of inequality and plenty of hardship in those days, but there was also abundance of freedom of a very genuine kind, and a most robust determination on the part of the public at large to maintain it.

THERE are frequent discussions in the present day as to what people should learn. Some say, natural sciences, some say languages, some say art, some say those especial arts by which a living is gained.

It appears to me that there are three great points to be aimed at in the choice of subjects for early education. The first is, that something should be chosen to educate upon which is difficult, which, therefore, requires continuity and severity of attention, and which also demands accuracy.

2. This something should be something which does not demand qualities that are not early developed in the young. That is why I object to Latin verses and to composition, generally. The persons who are able to compose early (except musicians) are persons who have great talent for plagiarizing and for the humblest forms of assimilation. These powers ought not to be encouraged, for they dwarf originality.

3. Let the thing be studious, be something which is to a certain extent remote from common life; for a man is but half a man whose knowledge is bounded by the study of the art by which he gains his daily bread.

In addition to the foregoing maxims, I would lay down the rule that whatever you choose as subjects for study, try to make the student care for study in general. I mean, insert into his mind, if you can, a love and a desire for know-

edge. He is only to be under you educators for a few years. What a triumph it is for you, if, while he is under your care, you influence him in such a manner that you make study a thing of delight to him! And what a failure it is, if you so disgust him with the acquisition of knowledge, that he throws you and your books overboard as things which are done with, when he comes to what are fondly called years of discretion!

Pursuing this subject of education, I should say that every well-educated man or woman ought to have that knowledge of mathematics which may be gained from the first five books of Euclid. You may be sure that no one ever mastered these first five books without becoming ever after a better reasoner. And, even in domestic life, it is the greatest comfort to have to deal with people who can appreciate and abide by the first principles of reasoning.

Arthur Helps.

When you find yourself unpopular with those amongst whom you live, or with the world in general, do not ask yourself what you have done, but what you have said, to produce this unpopularity.

Arthur Helps

From The London Daily News.  
LIONS AND TIGERS, WHOLESALE AND  
RETAIL.

LIONS and tigers may be bought in London wholesale and retail, like haberdashery or cheese. At this moment bears, monkeys, zebras, tigers, leopards and other wild beasts are all on sale, together with a fine young lioness, who is warranted "to tear you to pieces if she can get at you," and birds and reptiles innumerable. These are at the great central warehouse for wild beasts in Ratcliffe-highway; from which neat little parcels of tigers and zebras, ten of each in all, were sent last week to their purchasers in the provinces and on the Continent. There is no limit to this strange trade. The extremely animated stock can be inspected any day. Agents are at work for the wild beasts dealer in every quarter of the globe, and he despatches "travellers" to pick up strange varieties in Central Africa or South America, just as other traders send buyers to Paris or the city. He has dealings, too, with most of the governments of Europe; our own Zoological Society pays him thousands, and his establishments are always filled with birds and animals enough to stock a menagerie. The supply varies daily, for consignments are constantly coming in, and the creatures sold are as constantly packed off; but call on Jamrach—the very name is savage, and strangely belies its courteous owner—when you will, a curiously lively collection will make themselves heard.

Once in Ratcliffe-highway you may find your way to Jamrach's by ear. The macaws,\* parrots and paroquets of his retail shop are shrieking always, you have but to follow their sounds to find yourself in one or other of his establishments. The first of them is given up to strange foreign ornaments, and the other to birds. In the one, vases, monsters, idols, joss-houses, mandarins' feathers, ivory knick-knacks, huge white tusks, with portraits of eminent men engraved on them in black, fans of immense capacity, and grotesque color, Chinese shoes, Japanese pictures, strange pipes and stranger gew-gaws are for sale.

At the end of the narrow yard is a sort of stable, over which is a loft to be gained by steps. The recent departure of the tigers and zebras has left the stable empty for the moment, and we ascend to the apartment above it, preceded by the attendant in charge. The manifestly business air of the place, and the way in which the denizens of the stall are regarded as mere items of stock, with fixed prices attached to each, soon affect a stranger. Insensibly to himself, he comes to regard wild beast dealing

as an ordinary branch of commerce, the peculiarities of which sink into the background in the face of the matter-of-fact arrangements and forms of speech. It is beasts instead of hams or calicoes, that is all, and "We can do you a neat thing in hyenas!" or, "Can I tempt you with this tasty article in the boa-constrictor line?" would rouse no sense of incongruity if said. Accordingly when you are invited to pass up the ladder into the loft, you do so as carelessly as if complying with a request to walk from one show-room to another in a fashionable shop.

You are interested, but not excited, calmly willing to see all that is brought before you, but neither anxious nor perturbed. But this lasts only till you are head and shoulders above the floor of the apartment reached by the ladder. It is quite open at the side by which it is gained from the cage-lined yard, and you are plainly seen by everything with flashing, luminous eyes all around it. If your pulse bounds up suddenly many degrees, if your face flushes and blanches alternately, and you feel a curious tightness across the chest, as if it were tied by a cord, which reminds you of that one great crisis in your life in which you feared you would succumb and go under to be seen of men no more—if these physical and mental phenomena assail you, there will be nothing exceptional in your case.

The contrast is great and sudden between what you have been seeing and what you see, and your temporary illusions as to the prosaic character of commerce in beasts are gone. A roar, a growl, a snort; a mad dash at iron bars; a frantic desire to flesh white and pointed fangs in your carcass; rigorous writhing and tossing by some powerful body upon a wooden floor, and against wooden partitions, which shake and rattle under the shocks they have to bear, and a kaleidoscopic effect in which ferociously beautiful eyes, a savage mouth cavernously open, tawny bristly hair, and ponderous limbs and talons are intermixed confusedly, form your greeting as you pass from the topmost rungs of the ladder to the floor. It is only a young lioness, who has "taken a fancy to you" in the most liberal sense of that phrase, but the transition is sudden, and you do not recover your presence of mind easily.

A cab drives up laden with what look like packing-cases, and a foreign-looking young man alights and presents a bill of lading. "A little lot of rare birds from America," it is explained; and the packing-cases turn out to be strong wooden cages, which, with

the red ibises, the white eagles, and the "trumpet-bird" they hold are speedily brought in, amidst a chorus of derisive welcomes from the macaws. "When we've many animals waiting at a particular place we generally send an agent over for them. My son is on his way to Calcutta now, where there are three rhinoceroses, six tigers, some elephants and smaller things waiting to be brought away. The last pair of rhinoceroses I had I sold for £1,200; and I supply fine tigers at about £300 each, and zebras—I've a lot waiting at Southampton now—at from £450 or £500 the pair."

We learn, moreover, that Mr. Jamrach occasionally lends animals he has on hand, and that a couple of elephants belonging to him are at the "Jardin des Plantes" in Paris at this time; their keep and a considerable fixed sum per month being given as an equivalent for their presence. A tray of dead birds of rare plumage is here brought in, "the losses of a single day;" and a subsequent inspection of the wild beast dealer's books shows that hundreds and sometimes thousands of pounds a month are lost by death among the stock. "There'll always be a percentage of sickly beasts and birds in every hundred sent over, and as these mostly die, they make a heavy item when we cast them up at cost price in the books, as you see we do at the end of every month." The organization for the carrying on of this strange trade is not the least curious of the many curious things connected with it. No native hunter or trapper, in any part of the globe, however remote, but knows where Jamrach's agent and Jamrach's purchase money can be found; and from an Indian jungle to an American prairie or an Esquimaux hut, commercial agitation and the hope of gain prevail, whenever anything of an extraordinary or unusual character is caught. The trade list of this singular place is a lesson in natural history; a visit and conversation there, is to learn natural history coupled in the oddest way with political economy and profit and loss.

From The Spectator.

#### "UNFAITHFUL UNTO SLAYING."

AN infidel Torquemada, a man who persecutes people even unto death simply because they affirm that they believe, who disbelieves so strenuously that he will die on a gallows if only belief may be injured by his death, is a phenomenon worthy a little study, more especially as Biland, the

young German who has just failed in an attempt to murder a Berlin clergyman for reading the *Belief*, is only the extreme expression of a sentiment visible in every corner of Europe. No change is so marked or so remarkable in modern society as the change which has come over scepticism, the aggressiveness and, so to speak, the fanaticism which it begins to display. The ancient Epicurean tolerance, the faint, half-smiling, half-sleek contempt with which the disbeliever regarded the teacher of any belief, the disposition to satire, the dislike of publicity, the placid confidence of secret strength, these have all disappeared from the unbelieving world, to be replaced by the missionary spirit, the spirit which must speak out its fullness, which will protest whatever comes, which does not shrink in the last resort either from martyrdom or from slaughter. Parties are always milder in England than anywhere else, but even here the temper of those who deny is visibly rising higher and higher, till the sceptic denounces instead of quizzing the believer, till there are whole groups who look upon priests of all denominations as if they were dangerous lunatics, till orthodoxy is so battered that it is compelled for the first time in English history to treat its opponents as on an equal footing. On the Continent the new spirit is far sterner. One grand cause of all this sway towards Ultramontanism is the feeling of the priesthood that they are at war with internecine foes, that unless they are organized like an army the Church will go down, and go down as Montalembert has repeatedly prophesied, in blood. In Spain, Italy, and Southern France every movement which paralyzes authority brings hundreds of Bilands to the surface,—men who want to kill priests because they are priests, as Torquemada wanted to kill heretics because they were heretics; who do not simply disbelieve, but hate belief. In Austria the one thing for which men will fight in the streets is to put down the clergy, in Belgium priests are the first victims of every commotion, and even among the more temperate races of the North the conflict is becoming savage. It is not in the temper of Gibbon that men bind themselves by oath not to be buried in consecrated ground, or that journalists, as the *Times'* correspondent writes from Berlin, refuse even to discuss an assassination because its object was a clergyman, and really the life or death of a clergyman cannot matter to human beings. "It's just a pented bredd," said John Knox, as he flung the image of the Virgin into the sea. "You lie!" says the young Biland, as he fires at the clergyman

for repeating his Belief; and though the motive of the two acts may have been as different as their morality, the impelling fury of conviction was clearly as hot in one as in the other. We see no reason to doubt the substantial truth of Biland's confession, his desire rising to a maniacal crave to do away with lying, as he thought it, somehow, even if need be by violence and crime. It is the spirit of the old world come up again, and enlisted in a new and one would have thought a strangely foreign service, the propagation of disbelief. As of old, too, this hot flame is developed from great masses of fuliginous matter not in themselves easy to light. Ravailac could not have existed had not great masses of men in France been ardently Catholic, nor could Biland have been developed had not disbelief been the creed of many thousands of quiescent Germans. The *Times'* correspondent, when he says that three-fourths of all Northern Germans regard Christianity as a dead creed, an "Asiatic" belief, — as if any truth could be tested by a quadrant, — may be exaggerating, but we received and published some months since precisely the same account from Hesse, it is confirmed in many essentials by Dr. Lehmann, who is orthodox, and it is not two years since the Austrian Reichsrath rose to its feet shouting that it believed only in the gospel of Darwin. Disbelief is invading entire populations like a creed, and like a creed, as it advances, and gathers strength and fury from the electricity which multitudes develop, it is becoming aggressive, angry, inclined to use the "short methods" towards which power in all ages has felt disposed.

What will be the result of it all, we mean the immediate result? — for the ultimate result, the revivification of Christianity as a living force once more controlling the minds of men, is, to our minds, as certain as the flow of the now ebbing tide. A great many observers whom, as a rule, we heartily respect believe that it will be un-mixed evil, a revival of Paganism in Europe, or the disappearance of all creeds under a deposit of the earthly secularism to which the Teutonic race, now so rapidly rising to the dominance of the world, has at intervals shown itself so inclined, but we feel little sympathy with that pessimist view. It is very doubtful, to our minds, sorrowful as the doubt may be, whether the Divine road for the nations may not again take them through the Red Sea, whether Humanity, crusted over as it is with strange supersti-

tions, may not need a baptism of unbelief to clean it from its barnacles. The defenders of supernaturalism, we fear, will need to be nearly drowned before they will cast away some of the baggage which now impedes their march and renders a charge impossible; before they will give up sacerdotalism, the belief that one man can be *made* by external action nearer to God than another; terrorism, the astounding belief that God could punish a difference of opinion with eternal torture; verbal inspiration, the dogma under which all English Churches are more or less staggering helplessly along; and, above all, "consistency," the profound conviction that it is good — or not bad — to lie in order to prevent scandal; that if a man believes in God and Christ he is morally bound to affect to believe in a heap of other things, as, for example, the literal truth, of the Mosaic idea of the Creation, or the story of the Fall, in which he does not believe in the least degree. If the flood of disbelief did spread over the world those who emerged from it would at least be sincere, would "hold" nothing they did not hold, would be ready to live and die for the faith that was in them. Anything that compelled sincerity, a genuine passion for Truth, would be a good, even if it were a temporary subsidence of Christianity; and for ourselves, we still hope that the remedy will not be so desperate as that. The advance of the army of invasion will call up the army of defence, and that army, for its own sake, will carry no needless impedimenta. When unbelief is rising to a point at which belief is declared impossible, and assertion of belief a mere hypocrisy, the teachers of belief must in self-defence examine themselves, see how far they are open to the charge, and put off as encumbrances any dogmas which they cannot heartily say they do distinctly believe. They will see, for example, that to base the necessity of a reconciliation of man to God on an old Hebrew allegory about the cause of that necessity is folly, that their great truth must be defended with a far less brittle weapon than the verbal inspiration of a book in which translators, and even printers, have often made serious errors. They will for their own sakes clear their minds of even unconscious insincerities, thus at once depriving their enemies of their strongest arguments and of their most bitter cause of animosity. The first and most immediate result of the new tyranny of Unbelief will, we believe, be greater freedom for believers.

From The Spectator.  
FORMOSA.

"SOCIETY," *par excellence*, is out of town; but in the society which remains a furious discussion is raging as to the morality, or rather the propriety, of *Formosa*, Mr. Boucicault's new play, now drawing crowds, the papers say, to Drury Lane. We should have called the house rather empty on the night we were there, but that is, of course, matter of opinion, and Mr. Boucicault announces himself quite satisfied with his own success. At all events, the play is attacked and defended everywhere, Mr. Boucicault has been compelled to defend himself in print, and has enjoyed the very unusual honour of two columns of moral criticism in the biggest type of the *Times*. We are inclined to think, after seeing the play — which struck us, we confess, as a dull series of impossible situations, and quite unworthy of a man who, without being a great playwright, has a genius for modern melodrama — that Mr. Boucicault has made a mistake; but that it was not a wilful one, and that it does not quite deserve the savage reprobation bestowed upon it by the "Amateur Critic" in the *Times*. The play itself, apart from a hint in the fourth act as to *Formosa's* future status, which is entirely needless, and seems to have been inserted by the author from a sudden and misplaced pity for his own heroine, is not, either in intention or method, an immoral one. *Formosa* is a harlot, no doubt, and as such there exists a grave reason, which we will presently try to give, for not putting her on the stage at all — a reason of which we believe Mr. Boucicault to have been unconscious — but, except in being there, she is in no way offensive either to morals or propriety. She says and does nothing *outré*, is, in fact, too little debased by her position, and, compared with many a personage seen of late years upon the London stage, she is propriety itself. As far as words and gestures go, an hour of *La Grande Duchesse* would do more harm than all *Formosa*, and though that is not in any way a defence, for those who went to the French play were very clearly forewarned of what they were likely to see and hear, and the Drury Lane audience was not, it is evident that Mr. Boucicault has not been deliberately trying, as many people say, to introduce "French" drama. Granted an audience like that, say, of the Palais Royal Theatre, where no girl ever goes if her mother understands etiquette — that is granting an impossibility in England — the impression produced by *Formosa* — we should say, be rather good than

evil. The "amateur critic" says she is one of the wicked who prosper, but surely that is a misrepresentation of the central idea of the piece, the key-note of which is the valuelessness of luxury as an antidote to internal misery. That this misery is produced in a very vulgar way, and almost entirely by external circumstances, is true, and that a great artist might have made it far more striking by a picture of mental struggles is certain, but still the misery is there. From first to last *Formosa* is the victim of positive torture, arising from the intensity of her own shame and humiliation. In all her finery and splendour, she is a poor wretch, denounced, and coerced, and scorned at every turn, derided by swindlers, cursed by her parents, so tortured by an affection which cannot be returned that she sacrifices all her gains to save a man and make some reparation for her life. The misery may be badly painted, and the cynical hint of her marriage to Spooner is an inexcusable blunder against art as well as morals; but still the intention to depict misery, to show that in one way or another the wages of sin is death, is sufficiently apparent in the piece. What Mr. Boucicault may have meant we do not know, though it is fair to him to say that his most popular pieces have been absolutely unobjectionable, — the *Colleen Bawn* being a beautiful picture of faithful love, and the *Octoroon* having been spoiled, as we said at the time, by a most inartistic squeamishness; but the effect of his representation is certainly not to encourage the women who see it to become *Formosas*. Apart altogether from moral considerations, which are strongly though coarsely pressed through the scorn and loathing manifested by the father and mother, and through *Formosa's* own terrible dread lest her status in the world should be made known to them, the hollowness of all the glitter, the poison in the wine, the pain felt under the silk, vulgar pain, but real pain, are still too manifest for the play to exercise in that way any deleterious effect. Filial piety is not unfortunately a strong emotion in England, but in France, we suspect, *Formosa's* position would be held to teach a sharp moral lesson, and that this is not to the full extent its effect here is rather our fault than Mr. Boucicault's fault.

The real mistake he has made, and it is a serious one, is in believing, on the authority of the *Saturday Review* and the novelists, that the key-note of English manners has changed, that the English middle-class has decided consciously and of forethought to abandon its first grand rule that obscurant-

ism is a healthy element in the education of women, that they are to emerge out of the half-light in which for three generations they have been kept; to attain, like men, the knowledge of good and evil; to abandon for ever that ignorance which has for a century been so carefully preserved that the average British mother is disposed to regard it not as a method of securing her end in the training of her children, but as an end in itself to be desired. We scarcely wonder at his mistake. So much has been said of late about the change of manners in the Upper class, about the "Girl of the Period," the want of reticence among women, the tendency not only to recognize but to imitate Formosa, and so much of this has seemed to be true in one limited class, that an author may be pardoned for believing that the old scheme of manners had been condemned, that anything might be said and anything really existing reproduced on the stage. If everybody talks of Anonyma in drawing-rooms, why should not Anonyma be presented on the stage? If it were so, there would be no reason, provided that the whole truth were told, and Anonyma presented, not in an attractive garb, but in her real character, either as Formosa is presented, as an utterly wretched woman who has sold herself to the Devil without getting the price, or as a vulgar, impudent slut, with the manners of a kitchen wench and the morals of a thief. If everybody were mentally in the position of a middle-aged matron accustomed to the society of great capitalists, which is the theory of the Girl of the Period satires, Formosa would do no more harm than Juliet does, not nearly so much as would the representation of Juliet as Shakespeare wrote his play. But the entire supposition is a blunder. The change has not occurred. The middle-class, especially the professional section of the middle-class, has not abandoned obscurantism at all, thinks it still wise to place a screen between the young and the tree of knowledge, and resents violently and justly any rude attempt to tear a hole in that screen. Formosa does tear one. It is nonsense to say that harlots exist, and may therefore be presented on the stage. Their existence does not involve their discussion by young women, and their presentation on the stage does. Whether obscurantism is wise or silly matters nothing to the purpose, so long as its existence is essential, or is believed essential, to an education intended, among other great ends, to keep our young women not only chaste, but innocent — innocent with the innocence of Eve before that snake began talking. That

the system is breaking down all round us is true enough; it was sure to break down as soon as women began to be thoroughly educated, to get mentally beyond the necessity, or at all events the possibility, of submission to an *Index Expurgatorius*. That it will break down altogether, and give place to a new system of manners, is, we think, judging from what we see and hear of the tendencies of life, especially in America, very probable indeed; but the English middle-class will keep it as long as they can, and they are wise and right. This generation of their matrons is not trained to any other scheme, is not competent to any other, would probably injure manners, and possibly injure morals most seriously, if it consciously and of forethought attempted to manage any other. Let us have one generation of women, at all events, thoroughly educated before we disperse the twilight which protects untrained eyes from the glare. That the system is neither good nor bad itself, is only a means to an end — it may be, a very imperfect means — is a fact which we have repeatedly admitted, more especially in the long discussion about the admission of women into medical schools; but still it has produced noble results — there is nothing in the world quite so clean as an English maiden — and it is folly, and worse, to break the weapon which has secured the result until we have made a better. At all events, we do not want it broken, without our own consent, by the education of the Stage. While, therefore, we acquit Mr. Boucicault of immoral purpose, as well as of immoral method, we hold that in producing *Formosa* he has made a grave mistake, and given just offence to the people who have made his fortune and his repute.

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From The Spectator, August 21.  
NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Emperor of the French has pardoned everybody who has done nothing. By a decree of August 14, countersigned by all his Ministers, he releases all persons under sentence for political offences, press offences, offences against the combination laws, or the laws which restrict the right of meeting, and all deserters of both services. The decree was carried out at once. The journalists walked rejoicing out of Ste. Pelagie; some dozen or so of printers recovered their liberty; Reds swarmed back to Paris from Brussels and Geneva, and even the 1,700 innocent persons condemned to toil

in Cayenne are expected home. "There are no exceptions." The decree "is countersigned." It is the "beginning of a new era," and consequently we expect to hear that the Duc d'Aumale has been permitted to reside in Paris, that the Comte de Paris holds receptions in the Faubourg, and that the property of the Orleans family, taken away for political reasons, has been restored. Awaiting that completion of the amnesty, we have only to record that Paris seems for once sincerely pleased. It is a large measure, but just think for a moment what the people sentenced to Cayenne have endured, and for what? For opposing the man who is lauded to the skies for graciously forgiving their sufferings?

The text of the letter addressed by the Sultan to the Viceroy of Egypt has been published. It bears date the 3rd August. It is a dignified but most severe reprimand from a sovereign to his vassal. The Viceroy is reminded that "with the exception of a few privileges established in her favour, Egypt differs in nothing from other provinces of the Empire;" that he has no right to open direct negotiations with other powers; that his assumption can no longer be tolerated; and that his invitations to the Sovereigns to witness the opening of the Suez Canal are wanting in consideration for them and respect for his own master. He is further forbidden to buy ironclads and munitions of war, reminded that his troops were withdrawn from Crete just when they were wanted there, censured for imposing such incalculable burdens on the present and future of Egypt, informed that he is a subject, advised that luxury follows civilization but does not produce it, and warned that if he does not amend his ways the Sultan will enforce the stipulations of the firman of 1841. The Viceroy, it is said, is aware that he had gone too far, and has replied in the most conciliatory tone. He is wise. Among the many prerogatives of the Caliphate, the right to pass a secret sentence of death is not the least valued or effective.

Marshal Niel died, as expected, in the night of Friday week, a terrible loss to the Empire, though possibly a great relief to the Prussian Cabinet. The Marshal really believed in war, and held that the military training of a whole people gives them in the increased development of their faculties more than it takes away,—an idea with force in it. Most Englishmen would be greatly benefited by two years of stern military training. It has been reported that the Mar-

shal will be succeeded by Marshal MacMahon, but the "descendant of Irish Kings" is hardly the man to defend the budget in a querulous legislature, and there is talk of General Trochu. Whether he can speak we do not know; that he can write everybody knows. He is the General who acknowledged that "self-preservation was an instinct even in a French soldier," and said of the British privates that "he thanked God there were so few of them in the world."

The British Association has met this year at Exeter, and Professor Stokes has been elected President. His address was highly orthodox in tone, his main thesis, after he had passed from the progress of astronomical inquiry, being the total want of evidence that in any of the processes we witness in matter—crystallization, precipitation, and so forth—or in any of the great laws—as the law of motion—which affect matter, we find any approach to the formation of an organic structure, or to the development of the mysterious faculty we call life. "If a thick darkness enshrouds all beyond, we have no right to assume it to be impossible that we should have reached even the last link of the chain,—a stage where further progress is unattainable—and we can only refer the highest law at which we stopped to the fiat of an Almighty Power." The thought is true, but the illustration through which it is conveyed rather reminds us of a rebuke given by Bishop Wilson to a clergyman who begged him to preach against the Wesleyan doctrine that the Christian can reach "perfection." "Are we in much danger of that?" asked the Bishop.

We published the other day some speculations on one of the most startling of astronomical facts, the explosion, or rather the conflagration of Tau Corona. It appears that another and much more important star is slowly taking itself out of our system. By calculations of extraordinary minuteness and delicacy Mr. Huggins and Father Secchi have demonstrated that Sirius and our sun are mutually receding from one another at the rate of 29·4 miles per second. In the end, therefore, though the distance of time strains the imagination, we must lose sight of Sirius—that is to say, provided we have not by that time gained the capacity of watching the more distant universes towards which he must be receding,—an improbability. Nothing *seems* so near its final limit as the power of astronomical telescopes, while the power of the human eye, if it alters at all, probably decreases. Savages see better than the civilized, and while

"short-sight" spreads like a disease, "long-sight" does not.

The able correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* who writes from Barcelona declares — he is a Conservative witness — that the Spaniards are utterly disgusted with their system of justice, and will remedy it, if no other remedy is obtainable, by Lynch law. Even criminal justice is corrupt, men lingering out their lives waiting for trial because the judge will not admit them to bail without a bribe. In Andalusia a kind of territorial socialism prevails, produced by overgrown estates and absentee landlordism. Four men own most of the province, and the biggest of them lives his life in St. Petersburg. Brigandage is beginning to prevail everywhere. Prim has ordered all Generals to shoot Carlists, and has promoted two officers who murdered nine persons who had fowling-pieces, but were not resisting or attacking in any way. Add that the Treasury is insolvent, the parties without leaders, and the trees coming down so fast that there is a drought every three years, and our readers may have a faint idea of the state of Spain. It is the Red Revolution which is coming there.

The German Governments are evidently seriously moved by the projects imputed to the Pope. They believe that the Œcumenical Council will modify the Syllabus so as to refuse to the State all control over the Catholic clergy. So grave is this danger considered, that the Bavarian Government has entered into a league with the Prussian to resist any innovation in this sense, and Prince Hohenlohe is furiously attacked in Rome as a traitor to Catholicism. It is affirmed semi-officially that the league covers all Germany, and that the Governments are determined not to recede one step. According to the Roman correspondent of the *Kreuz Zeitung*, it has been finally decided to proclaim the personal infallibility of the Pope, and the bodily assumption of the Virgin. To the second dogma the Governments make no objection, but they dread, and will, we imagine, secretly resist, the first. An infallible priest might authorize resistance to a civil law.

An occurrence, unique of its kind, is reported from Berlin. The Rev. H. Heinrici, Lutheran minister, was reading the Creed in the Cathedral, and had reached the words, "I believe in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost," when a voice was heard to say, "You lie!" and a shot was fired at the clergyman, which, how-

ever, missed him, and only grazed a little boy of the choir, who, like a thorough Prussian, went on with his singing unmoved. The shot was fired by a man named Biland, 19 years old, who, when arrested, said that he had been bred to the ministry, but had seen the falsehood of Christianity, had wearied of the lying he saw all around, had come to the conclusion that some striking deed was necessary to wake the public mind, and thought the most striking would be "to shoot a clergyman while in the act of uttering his accursed perjuries." The Berlin correspondent of the *Times*, who forwards this confession, on which we have remarked elsewhere, says that three-fourths of the Prussian people agree with Biland in his view of Christianity. So rooted is their contempt for dogma, that they do not remonstrate against the teaching of the Catechism, confident that their children will repudiate it all before they are fifteen.

We commence to-day the publication of a short series of papers on the prospects of the English labourer in America. They are condensed by their author from a report made by him to the Society of Arts, who sent him out to examine the question thoroughly. He had most unusual opportunities of information, having been accredited equally to the Bureaus and to the workmen, and his general opinion may, we believe, be summed up thus: — The English mechanic gains little or nothing by emigration, except the chance of a good gratis education for his children. The unskilled labourer, gains, in addition, a great increase of wages, of comfort, and of liberty; while the agricultural labourer may be said to gain everything. His report on the free schools is less favourable than usual as to results, the "grounding" being, he believes, decidedly insufficient. That is just what "payment by results" ought to secure for us here.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says the abolition of suttee among Hindoos was due to Sir Charles Napier. Sir Charles did forbid it in Scinde, but in so doing he only obeyed a general Act passed in the reign of Lord William Bentinck, which forbade the practice within all British dominions present or future. It is a remarkable fact that suttee — unlike the practice of drowning infants as sacrifices to the Sea, which was similarly forbidden — revives the instant our rule is withdrawn, and we believe the true explanation to be this. The permanent terror of a Hindoo's life is poison, his best guarantee against it, his certainty that his wife, who cooks for him even in the highest houses,

will not risk the horrible life imposed on a widow in order to be rid of him. We have heard this distinctly assigned by Brahmins of the highest rank as a final argument against the remarriage of widows, and, *a fortiori*, it is an argument for *stet*.

The Prince Imperial has performed one of the functions of royalty for the first time. Napoleon, being unable to pass his *fete* "in the midst of his great military family" at Châlons, sent his son, now thirteen years of age. The child presided very gravely at the review, watched from a sort of throne the distribution of crosses, and, says General Bourbaki, "declared himself well satisfied with the appearance of the troops at the review." It is evidently a great object with the Emperor to accustom people to regard his son as a great State personage. All his education has tended to this end; and Parisians say the little man plays his part with more than his father's dignity and confidence.

From The Spectator.

#### BATHING-PLACES.\*

THE autumn holiday, which was once a luxury, has now become, to those who live in cities, a necessity; and, as everybody goes out of town, the whole coast has become studded with places which invite the presence not only of Paterfamilias and his interesting family, but of single ladies, unburdened bachelors, and married couples "without encumbrance." If Paterfamilias and his youthful brood can get down to Eastbourne or Worthing, it is a moderate and perhaps a satisfactory achievement; but the other classes of autumn pleasure and health-seekers will be more than justified in declining the invitations of the English watering-places, and promptly putting the Straits of Dover between them and the round of London work and London society.

Every one knows the characteristics of the English bathing place, and the occupations of those who frequent it. Every one has paid an exorbitant sum, during August and September, for the "comfortable furnished apartments" in a terrace facing the sea. A man may find the time hang rather heavily upon his hands when he has become used to the solicitation of sailors, to whom every morning that has ever dawned must have been "A fine morning for a sail, Sir!" when

he is tired of hearing a bad band perform the florid music of Verdi; when he is also tired of magnifying distant ships through a glass by Voigtlander, and of watching the rush of sun-burnt girls to the just vacant bathing-machines. Of course, if he be an amateur artist or a geologist, full of leisure at home, he may take to his sketch-book or to going among the cliffs with his hammer; but even the amateur artist and the dabbler in geology are not likely to do much — or to wish to do much — if out on a holiday from pressing work. Perhaps, when a man has succeeded in finding a particularly uncomfortable seat on the rocks, he may draw from his pocket such a book as Rossetti's *Early Italian Poets*, or the last volume furnished by

"The idle singer of an empty lay."

Such, we take it, is the pursuit of pleasure on our coasts; such is a sketch — the reader may fill in the details — of scenes enacting at this moment at Ilfracombe, Llandudno, Whitby, Folkestone, or Eastbourne.

Happier, in that he has a better chance of getting the real object of a holiday — change — is the man who can not only say, with Laertes,

"My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France;"

but can add, with him,

"My necessities are embarked."

Even Boulogne, Trouville, and Biarritz, noisy and fashionable though they be, are, we imagine, more truly recreative than the watering-places of England. Abroad, so many things are different; but even if it were only (as a writer in this journal, we think, has said) that the gutters are in the middle of the street, *that* would be a relief after the sameness and the set grey life of London. Boulogne, however, as most know, is too full of English, though of a class somewhat better than its former frequenters. Biarritz has not much pretty country at the back of it; Trouville is, too obviously, fast Paris at the sea-side; and one is not long in wearying of the clatter at *table d'hôte*, the gossip of the *Etablissement*, and the costumes of the beach.

Perhaps those who wish to combine the air of the coast with the healthy mental change of Continental sojourn, cannot do better than fix upon some smaller and more retired French watering-place. There is Pornic, at the south-west corner of Brittany, just where the Loire and the sea unite, where the saltiest waves roll in from the Atlantic to the Bay of Biscay, where

\* *The Baths and Wells of Europe: their Action and Uses.* By John Macpherson, M. D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1890.

Bréton peasants and Bréton customs are worthy of the passive study pleasant in holiday-time, and where the evening landscape, if you look inland, has the quiet harmony of a picture by Daubigny or Troyon. On the Norman coast, a dozen miles from Dieppe, there is Tréport, with its gay little summer lodging-houses, stretched under the white line of cliff, and in face of a sparkling sea. It has its little casino, where you may dance *en petit comité*, or soberly read the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or Théophile Gautier's last *feuilleton*; sure, too, of being surrounded by better, if seemingly less brilliant, society than that which the Quartier Bréda and the Chaussée d'Antin pour out upon the beach at Trouville. Insular civilization is not represented,—that is, no clergyman is sent from England to preach on Sunday in the saloon of an hotel; but you may mount the hill-side to the old grey church,—

"With spire and sad slate roof, aloof  
From human fellowship so far,  
Where a few graveyard crosses are,  
And garlands for the swallows' perch;"

and there you may chance to hear an appeal for the widows of shipwrecked sailors "who have found death in the waters where you find health."

Passing to inland spas, to which Dr. Macpherson in his new little book is an intelligent guide, we need not speak of a place so well known as Vichy—a place that has become the Champs Elysées out in the country. Travelled Londoners are as familiar as Parisians with its vast bathing-houses, its parks, its summer heat, and its fêtes—graced, till lately, by the presence of the dreamy, tired man of genius who rules France. Plombières is less known, because to the idler it has less attractions. Lying away to the east, on the borders of the Vosges—where an upheaving of the country into sudden ranges of hill seems to be as a prelude to the magnificence of the Alps—its feebly-mineralized but never injurious springs, attract seekers for health more than seekers for pleasure. The Government has an establishment for soldiers; the baths are said to be excellently arranged, and the neighbourhood abounds in scenery that may fairly be called attractive. An article might be written on Bagnères de Luchon (which lies in a valley, high up in the Pyrenees) and on its environs; but we have only space to mention its name.

Baden-Baden attracts far more visitors than any other spa in Europe; but it is not because of its waters. Its wooded scenery—the quiet beauty most pleasing to so many minds, and far removed from magnificence—is doubtless a source of popularity. But the gaming tables, with their rival games of *trente et quarante* and *roulette*, make the prosperity of Baden. Why try to sketch the ever-moving society of the semi-French capital of the German Duchy, with its mixed crowd of Russian counts, *petits crêvés* of Paris, Italian adventurers, English tourists? Has not Mr. Robertson done something of the sort in *Play*? And will not his representation, and that of others, do as well for Homburg?

The English traveller in Switzerland bent on doing "the thing" will leave, this year, the Vierwaldstätter See and the Bernese Oberland, for the baths of St. Moritz. The valley of the Upper Engadine is reached with some difficulty; but about a dozen hours from Basle to Chur, and a dozen more—this time by diligence—from Chur to St. Moritz, will not baulk the tourist who likes to visit the place in vogue, and should not frighten the seeker after health, to whom has been recommended the rarified atmosphere five thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Either want of health or love of adventure should, however, be the cause of a sojourn in the iced air of the Engadine. There is little provision for the mere pleasure-seeker, beyond the attraction of a fashionable hotel; and the scenery immediately round St. Moritz seems to some disappointing—one is so very high up, that the surrounding mountains do not seem much higher. Dr. Macpherson says that the elevation of this "bath" and the quantity of carbonic acid it contains are the cause of its popularity. Paracelsus is commonly quoted as saying that it is the best well in Europe; but Dr. Macpherson—whose little book, carefully compiled and plainly written, would be better, we think, if it were more distinctly either a popular guide or a medical treatise—has only been able to discover in the works of this founder of modern chemistry "the vague statement that there is an acidulous spring in the Grisons nobler than that of Göppingen (now forgotten), and that it owes a part of its virtues to the waters having passed through many cataracts."

From The Spectator.  
THE WORKING-CLASSES IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY ROBERT CONINGSBY.

NO. I.

It would fill a large book and require an able writer to do justice to the subject of the condition of the Working-Classes in America. What I would propose to do here, therefore, is merely to give a brief summary of facts picked up and impressions made upon the mind of one well acquainted with the conditions of working-class life in England during a tour in the United States.

I visited America last year, at the request of the Society of Arts, with credentials from Government and numerous influential men of different classes and parties, my instructions being to note the actual condition of workpeople in the United States. I arrived in Boston in time to witness the celebration of July 4, and landed in England again towards the end of October, after an absence of exactly four months. I was everywhere very kindly received both by private citizens and Government officers, the Secretary of State having been good enough to endorse my mission with a circular introduction to "scientific and practical men in the several states and cities of the Union who have especially identified themselves with the employments of agriculture, building, manufacture, mining, commerce, and navigation."

My first impression of America was one of surprise, at the foreign appearance of everything. I had expected, after all I had heard of the kith and kindred between us, to find another English people on the other side of the ocean, and another England. I found nothing of the kind. I was indeed at a loss to settle whether the people or the objects around me were the more foreign. Our language seemed strange, coming from the mouths of men and women so unlike us in dress, looks, and manners. During the first few days, I was constantly turning round to look after people whose voices reached me in the street, wondering, as an Englishman who hears English spoken in France or Germany is apt to do, whether the speakers were my countrymen or not; and this was in Boston, which is the most English in appearance of any American city. The trees along the streets, gilt signboards, and flaring advertisements covering every wall and boarding, the mode in which the shop-windows are arranged and the women dress, the number of negroes about, the careworn expression on most of the faces one sees, and the general abruptness of

speech and manner which prevail, combine to dispel all ideas of our being in reality one people with the Americans. I was asked at Mr. Seward's table in Washington what had struck me most in the way of contrast between the English and American peoples, and my reply, given in perfect gravity and good faith, caused some merriment at my expense. I begged leave to remark that I had noticed a great many Americans who were black.

An English working-man cannot bear to feel that he is a foreigner, and he does feel this much more in America than a member of the middle or upper classes can do. "Ladies and gentlemen" are nearly the same everywhere, there is much more cosmopolitanism, at least affected, in their intercourse with each other; but the "common people" cherish their international antagonisms and parade their prejudices. Thus I was frequently obliged to listen to loud-mouthed tirades against England, as soon as it was known at a mechanics' boarding-house, that I was a "Britisher," which it is needless to say I did not have to do at any large hotels. I found very few English mechanics who had not been a long time settled in America, who liked it, while their wives, to a woman, were loud in their protestations that there was no place like home. After some five or six years' residence in the States, however, our countrymen would appear to become more American than the Americans themselves. I found nobody so bitter against the old country as Englishmen who had settled in the new one, and were doing well.

I take it that the greatest advantage of working-class life in America, is the ease with which every man can secure an education for his children. Elementary and high schools, and even colleges, are all free and wide open to everybody, whether citizens or strangers. In the presence of the teacher, too, all are equal; the child of a street hawker was pointed out to me at a school in Boston seated next to a senator's son. Private schools are increasing as the spirit of "hunkerdom" spreads, but most people outside the shoddy aristocracy still send, at least their sons to the public forms, however well able they may be to afford the luxury of private tuition. There is but little excuse for ignorance in a land where not only is every one provided with schooling, but most people break the law if they keep it from their children. And yet knowledge is very far from covering even that part of the earth contained within the boundaries of the great Republic. When the last census was taken, in 1860, the total

number of white people in the United States over twenty years of age who could not read and write was 1,126,575. In 1865 there were in the State of Rhode Island 10,181 persons over fifteen unable to read or write, out of a total population of 184,965. An examination of the figures, however, which reveal the nationalities of these ignoramuses is very damaging to us. They run thus:—

Population, 15 years and over.	Dunces.
Americans, . . . . .	87,605 . 1,552
Irish, . . . . .	27,030 . 7,313
English, Scotch, and Welsh, . . . . .	7,881 . 391

Among the 1,552 persons of American birth who are returned as being unable to read or write, it should be pointed out that 467 colored people are included. In San Francisco,—I have it on the authority of a gentleman to whom I was recommended to apply for facts by the Governor of California,—there is scarcely a Chinaman to be found who cannot read and write in his own language fluently. Surely it is high time some educational measures in England were taken, if we wish to keep up the character of being a civilized people.

In America, the State takes the young workman in hand at the age of five, when he enters the primary school, and with his A B C gets his first lesson in republicanism and the equality of man. In Boston, at these primary schools, each child has a little desk and arm-chair to itself, detached from the rest. I never saw a prettier sight than these schools present, with their rows of happy little scholars following their teachers' eyes with faces brimful of intelligence. Beginning with the simplest work, such as drawing lines and curves, the little fellows are gradually taught to recognize letters and numerals, and are removed from class to class as their store of knowledge increases. At the age of eight or nine they enter the grammar school, before obtaining which preferment they must be able to read, spell, and cipher well. In the grammar school instruction is given in history, grammar, geography, drawing—mechanical and free-hand—music, natural history, and book-keeping. If it is then thought desirable at about the age of thirteen or fourteen the lad can become a candidate for the Latin or English high school, to enter which he must pass an examination. Upon leaving the high school, a lad is ready for the University, which he may enter if he can pass the necessary examination, and keep himself while at his studies. Patriotism is carefully inculcated in American schools, every citizen being

brought up in the faith that his country and its institutions are the best in the world. In some States it is ordained by law that "On the 21st of February annually, each master shall assemble his pupils, and read, or cause to be read to them, extracts from Washington's farewell address to the people of the United States, combining therewith such other patriotic exercises as he may think advisable." Military drill is in many places insisted on as part of the young citizen's education. In the English high school at Boston the head-master informed me that every lad I saw in the class before me, was able to fulfil all the duties of a soldier in the field, from those of a private up to lieutenant-colonel.

If there is a fault in the American school system, it is, I think, that the children are made to study too hard. Most of them look pale and haggard. This is, however, rather the fault of the parents than the teachers, it being quite a common thing for the scholars to have as much to learn at home as at school. As a result of this, a report of certain eminent medical men declared that in one school which they examined, it was found that out of 85 pupils only 15 were perfectly well. The rest were subject to headaches, weariness, and sleeplessness at night. In addition to the regular six hours of study, these poor children had to study at home three and a half, four, and some even as much as seven hours a day! And the Commissioners declare that among the scholars in schools of a high reputation this is quite the common practice.

Corporal punishment is not inflicted so frequently in American schools as in English, public opinion everywhere out of New England being against its continuance. It is prohibited by law in the case of girls, and in night and primary schools. Ten New York schools, with an aggregate attendance of 1,000 scholars, recently tried the experiment of doing without it, and it was found that discipline and good order were as effectually preserved by other means. Another batch of schools was content to adopt extreme moderation, instead of total abstinence in this matter, it being resolved only to revert to the birch when other means had failed. The result here was that out of nearly 1,000 boys only eleven were found impervious to the new method of persuasion. It is an interesting question what would have become of these eleven if they had happened to be in the schools where the rod was totally forbidden!

Notwithstanding all the care which is

taken for the instruction of children, it is found that tens of thousands grow up to adolescence in a deplorable state of ignorance. To provide for these, the State in some cases, and private benevolence in others, supports evening schools, where an excellent education may be had free by all who like to attend. The paternal and catholic nature of American institutions is nowhere better shown than in one of these night-schools, — say in New York city. You may see there young people from the uttermost ends of the earth; Mexicans, Russians, Germans, Chinese, Sandwich Islanders, Americans, and English, all under one roof, and in the pursuit of a common object. During the year 1867, 16,510 pupils attended these evening schools in the city of New York.

It is a remarkable thing that, judged by their fruits, the American schools do not seem to work so satisfactorily as might be expected. There are loud complaints of the low attainments of the generality of lads going out into the world. For instance, the trustees of the "Cooper Institute," — a technical evening school in New York, — say that the benefits of their system are almost lost to the working-classes, owing to the general ignorance of elementary matters which prevails. At the beginning of one term 1,098 pupils entered, and only 632 remained to the close, the chief reason for the falling-off being this lack of elementary knowledge, which rendered half the students unable to keep up with the rest. At a teachers' convention which I attended the same evil was lamented. It was stated by one of the speakers, and assented to by all present, that the results of even the New York system — generally thought the best — were anything but gratifying. Of scholars leaving the public schools in a number of districts, an examination has proved that only 28 per cent. could add numbers with anything like quickness or accuracy. The number of those who could read with ease was even smaller, being in nine districts as low as 11 per cent., and of all who left schools in these districts as educated boys only 7 per cent. *were able to read and write well.* As far as my own observation went, it quite bore out this teacher's statements. I found American skilled workmen less educated than our own. There appeared to be none of that bovine stupidity which disgraces us in our lowest labouring class, but of men having a decent stock of general information in the position of mechanics I found very few indeed in America. I am convinced — and beg Americans' par-

don for having to say it — that our mechanics would beat theirs in any kind of competitive examination to which they might be subjected, by as long odds as the American working-class as a whole would beat ours. I have been over and over again surprised at the puerile nonsense I have heard talked on all sorts of subjects by respectable young carpenters, painters, and other artisans with whom I have travelled and boarded. There is a dull dog or two in every English workshop, but you never catch six or seven dunces together at a chance meeting, as I and others have done in the United States.

The truant law is seldom enforced, being in most places practically a dead-letter. The teachers generally are agitating for its more stringent enforcement, but the public is hardly yet with them. While on this subject, I may remark that I was frequently struck by American laxity in administering the law. Law and custom seem to be in numerous instances more widely separated in America than here. I was frequently told that the *law* in a certain case was, of course, so and so, but then of course nobody took any notice of what the law was. And yet the phrase "Americans are a law-loving people" is an exceedingly common one. In Boston a few wretched people have been fined and their children sent to a reformatory on Deer Island for the non-attendance of the latter at the public schools; but it is notorious that thousands of children of all ages do not go to school, and yet are not punished.

A very excellent arrangement in some of the great cities is the licensing of boys for street occupations, such as boot-cleaning, hawking, &c., upon the condition that the license-holder attends an evening school. The moment he becomes an absentee his license is revoked. This should, I think, be introduced here.

What is called technical education is plentifully supplied in America, and — owing to the intense desire to "get on," which seems to characterize young Americans more than Englishmen — working-men are readier to avail themselves of the advantages of scientific instruction in America than they are here. At our mechanics' and literary institutions the proportion of artisans to clerks and shopmen is usually very small. In the States this is not the case. At the Cooper Institute in New York, I found that out of a total of 1,477 members attending the various classes in one year, there were 237 ironworkers, 160 carpenters, 43 pattern-makers and draughtsmen, 20 masons and builders, 45 painters, 21 piano-

forte-makers, 20 engineers, 33 jewellers and watchmakers, 15 printers, 86 engravers, 12 plumbers and gas-fitters, 9 coopers, 33 stone and marble cutters, 133 carvers and turners, 122 labourers; the rest of the members being clerks, book-keepers, artists, and "unspecified." The new but already well-known Cornell University at Ithaca is the most promising of these working-men's institutions; but there is no lack of literary and scientific colleges in every State of the Union, and free libraries and reading-rooms, which are open in the daytime and evening. In the five years before 1868, it has been computed, on reliable authority, that the following sums were given by private individuals to these various institutions, in addition to the aid which many of them received from the State, viz., \$1,850,000 to academies, \$8,858,000 to colleges, \$2,605,000 to schools, \$1,359,500 to theological seminaries, and various other sums to miscellaneous educational societies, bringing the grand total of private benevolence in the direction of education up to \$15,212,500. The average cost of education in the public schools in the different States per head in the Atlantic and Western States ranges from \$12 per annum (in New York) to \$6.60 in Detroit. The total number of educational establishments in the United States are set down in the last census at 115,224; 107,880 of these being public schools, with 131,099 teachers and 4,955,894 pupils.

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From The Spectator.  
HEAT FROM THE MOON.

A LONG-VEKED question — one which astronomers and physicists have laboured and puzzled and even quarrelled over for two centuries at least — has at length been set at rest. Whether the Moon really sends us any appreciable amount of warmth has long been a moot point. The most delicate experiments had been tried to determine the matter. De Saussure thought he had succeeded in obtaining heat from the moon, but it was shown that he had been gathering heat from his own instruments. Melloni tried the experiment, and fell into a similar error. Piazzi Smyth, in his famous Teneriffe expedition, tried the effect of seeking for lunar heat above those lower and more moisture-laden atmospheric strata which are known to cut off the obscure heat-rays so effectually. Yet he also failed. Professor Tyndall, in his now classical "Lectures on Heat," says that all such experiments must

inevitably fail, since the heat rays from the moon must be of such a character that the glass converging-lens used by the experimenters would cut off the whole of the lunar heat. He himself tried the experiment with metallic mirrors, but the thick London air prevented his succeeding.

The hint was not lost, however. It was decided that mirrors, and not lenses, were the proper weapons for carrying on the attack. Now, there is one mirror in existence which excels all others in light-gathering, and therefore necessarily in heat-gathering, power. The gigantic mirror of the Rosse telescope has long been engaged in gathering the faint rays from those distant stellar cloudlets which are strewn over the celestial vault. The strange clusters with long out-reaching arms, the spiral nebulae with mystic convolutions around their blazing nuclei, the wild and fantastic figures of the irregular nebulae, all these forms of matter had been forced to reveal their secret under the searching eye of the great Parsonstown reflector. But vast as are the powers of this giant telescope, and interesting as the revelations it had already made, there was one defect which paralyzed half its powers. It was an inert mass well poised; — indeed, so that the merest infant could sway it, but possessing no power of self-motion. The telescopes in our great observatories follow persistently the motions of the stars upon the celestial vault, but their giant brother possessed no such power. And when we remember the enormous volume of the Rosse Telescope, its tube — fifty feet in length — down which a tall man can walk upright, and its vast metallic speculum weighing several tons, the task of applying clock-motion to so cumbrous and seemingly unwieldy a mass might well seem hopeless. Yet without this it was debarred from taking its part in a multitude of processes of research to which its powers were wonderfully adapted. Spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the stars, for example, requires the most perfect uniformity of clock-motion, so that the light from a star, once received on the jaws of the slit which forms the entrance into the spectroscope, may not move off them even by a hair's breadth. And the determination of the moon's heat required an equally exact adaptation of the telescope's motion to the apparent movement of the celestial sphere. For so delicate is the inquiry, that the mere heat generated in turning the telescope upon the moon by the ordinary arrangement would have served to mask the result.

At enormous cost, and after many diffi-

culties had been encountered, the Rosse reflector has at length had its powers more than doubled, by the addition of the long-wanted power of self-motion. And among the first-fruits of the labour thus bestowed upon it, is the solution of the famous problem of determining the moon's heat.

The delicate heat-measurer, known as the thermopile, was used in this work, as in Mr. Huggins's experiments for estimating the heat we receive from the stars. The moon's heat, concentrated by the great mirror, was suffered to fall upon the face of the thermopile, and the indications of the needle were carefully watched. A small but obvious deflection in the direction signifying heat was at once observed, and when the observation had been repeated several times with the same result no doubt could remain. We actually receive an appreciable proportion of our warmth-supply from "the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon." The view which Sir John Herschel had long since formed on the behaviour of the fleecy clouds of a summer night under the moon's influence was shown to be as correct as almost all the guesses have been which the two Herschels have ever made.

And one of the most interesting of the results which have followed from the inquiry confirms in an equally striking manner another guess which Sir John Herschel had made. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that obtained from several terrestrial sources, Lord Rosse has been led to the conclusion that at the time of full moon the surface of our satellite is raised to a temperature exceeding by more than 280° (Fahrenheit) that of boiling water. Sir John Herschel long since asserted that this must be so. During the long lunar day, lasting some 300 of our hours, the sun's rays are poured without intermission upon the lunar surface. No clouds temper the heat, no atmosphere even serves to interpose any resistance to the continual down-pour of the fierce solar rays. And for about the space of three of our days the sun hangs suspended close to the zenith of the lunar sky, so that if there were inhabitants on our unfortunate satellite, they would be scorched for more than seventy

consecutive hours by an almost vertical sun. There is only one point in Lord Rosse's inquiry which seems doubtful. That we receive heat from the moon he has shown conclusively, and there can be no doubt that a large portion of this heat is *radiated* from the moon. But there is another mode by which the heat may be sent to us from the moon, and it might be worth while to inquire a little more closely than has yet been done whether the larger share of the heat rendered sensible by the great mirror may not have come in this way. We refer to the moon's power of *reflecting* heat. It need hardly be said that the reflection and the radiation of heat are very different matters. Let any one hold a burnished metal plate in such a way that the sun's light is reflected towards his face, and he will feel that with the light a considerable amount of heat is reflected. Let him leave the same metal in the sun until it is well warmed, and he will find that the metal is capable of imparting heat to him when it is removed from the sun's rays. This is radiation, and cannot happen unless the metal has been warmed, whereas heat can be reflected from an ice-cold plate. There has been nothing in the experiments conducted by Lord Rosse to show us by which of these two processes the moon's heat is principally sent to us; nor do we know enough of the constitution of the moon's surface to estimate for ourselves the relative proportions of the heat she reflects and radiates towards us.

We do not mention this point from any desire to cavil at the results of one of the most interesting experiments which has recently been carried out. But the recent researches of Zöllner upon the light from the planets, have shown how largely the surfaces of the celestial bodies differ as respects their capacity for reflecting and absorbing light, and there is every reason to infer that similar peculiarities characterize the planets' power of absorbing and reflecting heat. The whole question of the heat to which the moon's surface is actually raised by the sun's heat depends upon the nature of that surface, and the proportion between its power of absorbing heat or reflecting it away into space.

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It is a great motive for tolerance to reflect that the men who differ from you most in opinion may be most like you in heart and soul. Many a theologian, in former days, has helped to burn a man who was almost to him a second

self; whereas he left unmolested the worldly man who, differing from him in all the deeper emotions of the soul, did not care to differ from him in matters of religious opinion.

Arthur Helps.

From The Economist, 14 August.  
THE RUMORED SALE OF CUBA BY SPAIN.

WE see no good reason why this country should object formally or informally to the acquisition of Cuba by the United States. So far as Spain is concerned our only interest is that she should be prosperous, and the possession of Cuba tends to injure her prosperity. It is a drain on her army, and it offers a field where unscrupulous place hunters may easily get rich, to the demoralization of the public service, while its surplus revenue, though considerable in good years, only tempts the Treasury, like all unearned income, to increase its expenditures and liabilities. Nothing as a rule can be worse for a country than to obtain a revenue not derived from taxes; such receipts destroy at the root the grand motive to economy. So far as the world, again, is concerned the transfer of any territory from a slaveholding Power to a Power which has renounced slaveholding must be beneficial, and in this instance the transfer of a rich island from a torpid Government to one exceptionally energetic and active must tend to a distinct increase in the accumulated wealth of mankind. And finally, so far as our own position is concerned, our loss, should there be any, will be quite counterbalanced by our gain. The Spanish tariff is nearly as oppressive as the American. The Government of Washington will no doubt gain 32,000 square miles of land usually very good, certain mines, a few harbours, and a million souls of all colours; but these additional sources of strength are trivial when compared with her regular and inevitable increment. The Union gains from the wilderness two Cubas a year, while Europe annually pours into her ports a population half as numerous, five times as efficient, and possessed of that power of indefinite multiplication which Cuban statistics do not reveal. The regular forms of increase moreover involve no corresponding liabilities. The Union has no more territory to defend because her wilderness is filling up, is stronger for war not weaker because Germans settle in Illinois; but new outlying territory is an additional burden in war—requires more ships to protect it, and more sailors and more fortresses and more unproductive expenditure of all kinds. General Grant, as master of Cuba, might be better able to menace our West India Islands, perhaps the most worthless of all our wide-spread possessions, but part of his territory would be brought at the same time more closely within the range of our cannon, and the increase of strength would

not more than compensate his Government for the increase of liabilities for defence.

We do not therefore object to the cession if it is to be made, but we must confess to a faint feeling of disgust at the method in which, if report speaks truly, it is to be carried out. There is something in the system of vast purchases of territory which the Washington Government appears inclined to initiate that grates harshly on Liberal sentiment, and rudely affronts some ideas which unsentimental politicians value. The purchases of Louisiana and Florida, vast as they were, were practically only sales of estates, the inhabitants being very few, and not very unfavourable to the transaction, bitterly as it hurt the pride of the French settlers in the first-named dependency. The purchase of Alaska was a transaction almost too exceptional for argument; while the sale of the Danish West India Islands was a very petty affair to be justified mainly by the circumstance that they were too small for independence, and could not be defended by the much-weakened Government that claimed their allegiance. But when we hear of the sale of an island like Cuba, it is difficult to avoid asking what it is that Washington buys. The island? It is most of it private property. The allegiance of its people? If they are not consulted, in what way does the transaction differ from a conquest, except in this—that a conqueror in this century rarely imposes an enormous fine upon his new subjects in return for submission. Yet this, it is said, is what the United States propose to do. Cuba is to pay twenty millions sterling out of her own resources in order that she may be acquired by the United States, and this without being consulted in the matter. Suppose Cuba resists, then logically she must be coerced, and the facts of conquest and of fine will become patent to the world. As a matter of fact, no doubt Cuba, hopeless of resistance, and aware that the State system of the Union guarantees a large measure of local self-government, would after more or less of grumbling yield; but the transaction, nevertheless, would in all essentials be one of conquest, the subjugation through superior power of a people more or less unwilling. We say in all essentials, for after all it is only through weakness and fear of the future and the pressure of debt that Spain consents to part with her colony in this discreditable way. She would not part with it if she could help it, and she in fact yields to force as much as if she had fought and lost a campaign—yields too in the way of all others most in-

jurious to the national pride, sacrificing territory which she wishes to keep for a bribe.

We suppose it is understood among diplomatists that the form of this remarkable transaction, supposing it to be perfected, does not reduce it from an international into a private agreement, or impair the right of every nation affected to its own freedom of action. The precedent is too dangerous for that, as was seen in the Luxemburg affair. It does not matter what is sold or bought on the American continent, provided the United States are the purchasers, for they overshadow it already; but if Spain is entitled to sell Cuba as she would sell old stores from an arsenal, without comment or interference, other Powers may claim the same right in ways most threatening to the peace of Europe. Suppose the Sultan sold his suzeraineté over Egypt to England, or Syria to France, or Candia to Russia, the transaction would at once affect the peace of the world, and there are much smaller sales which would greatly affect the comparative position of great nations. A first-class Power in possession of the Philippines would occupy an almost dominant po-

sition towards China and Japan, and Spain has the Philippines to sell; while the Dutch right to the Archipelago, with all its indefiniteness, would be worth millions, and would be eagerly purchased by Germany. That transaction would introduce a new and a most powerful element into the politics of Asia, while there are sales possible or conceivable in England which might upset for ever the balance of power. Imagine Sicily sold to France with her strange power of evoking loyalty among the populations she absorbs. Such transactions may be impossible, but we confess we cannot look with complacency on a precedent which re-introduces conquest as an object into the political system of the world, while abolishing the necessity for effort, the fear of results, and the sense of humanity, which have hitherto restrained ambition. The American Government, it is said, hopes to buy Mexico like an artichoke leaf by leaf, and very possibly it may succeed, but in what will the transaction differ from an invasion and conquest of Mexico, except indeed in this—that it will seem more humane, more easy, and more rapid, and will therefore be more readily attempted?

#### THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

BY MARGARET WILSON.

LIFT up the drooping head,  
He comes, with noiseless tread.  
To you and me,  
To set us free  
From sore disease, and endless misery.  
He hath sweet myrrh and balm,  
And healing leaves;  
Ye breaking hearts, be calm,  
Be still each soul that grieves:  
I hear his bright feet fall,  
I hear his sweet voice call,  
Come unto me,  
None rejects he.  
Haste, then, for naught delay—  
He comes, he comes this way.  
I feel the perfume of his honeyed breath,  
I hear the swift, retiring feet of death.  
Hushed is the voice of woe,  
The rose and lily blow  
On his path,  
Where he hath  
Oft stood from night till morn,  
Bearing the cruel scorn  
Of the ill,  
Which did fill,  
With the sparkling drops of night,  
His locks, so soft and bright:

Then haste, without delay—  
He comes, in tears, this way.  
He lifts the sick up to his yearning heart,  
He loves, he loves us—how, then, shall he part?  
He parteth never,  
We are his own, and he is ours forever.  
CALEDONIA, April 14, 1899.

Evening Post.

#### THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas amid the night  
In the moonshine roll and sparkle,  
Now spread in the silver light,  
Now sadden and wail, and darkle.

The one has a billowy motion,  
And from land to land it gleams:  
The other is Sleep's wide ocean,  
And its glimmering waves are dreams.

The one with murmur and roar  
Bears fleets round coast and islet;  
The other, without a shore,  
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

STERLING.